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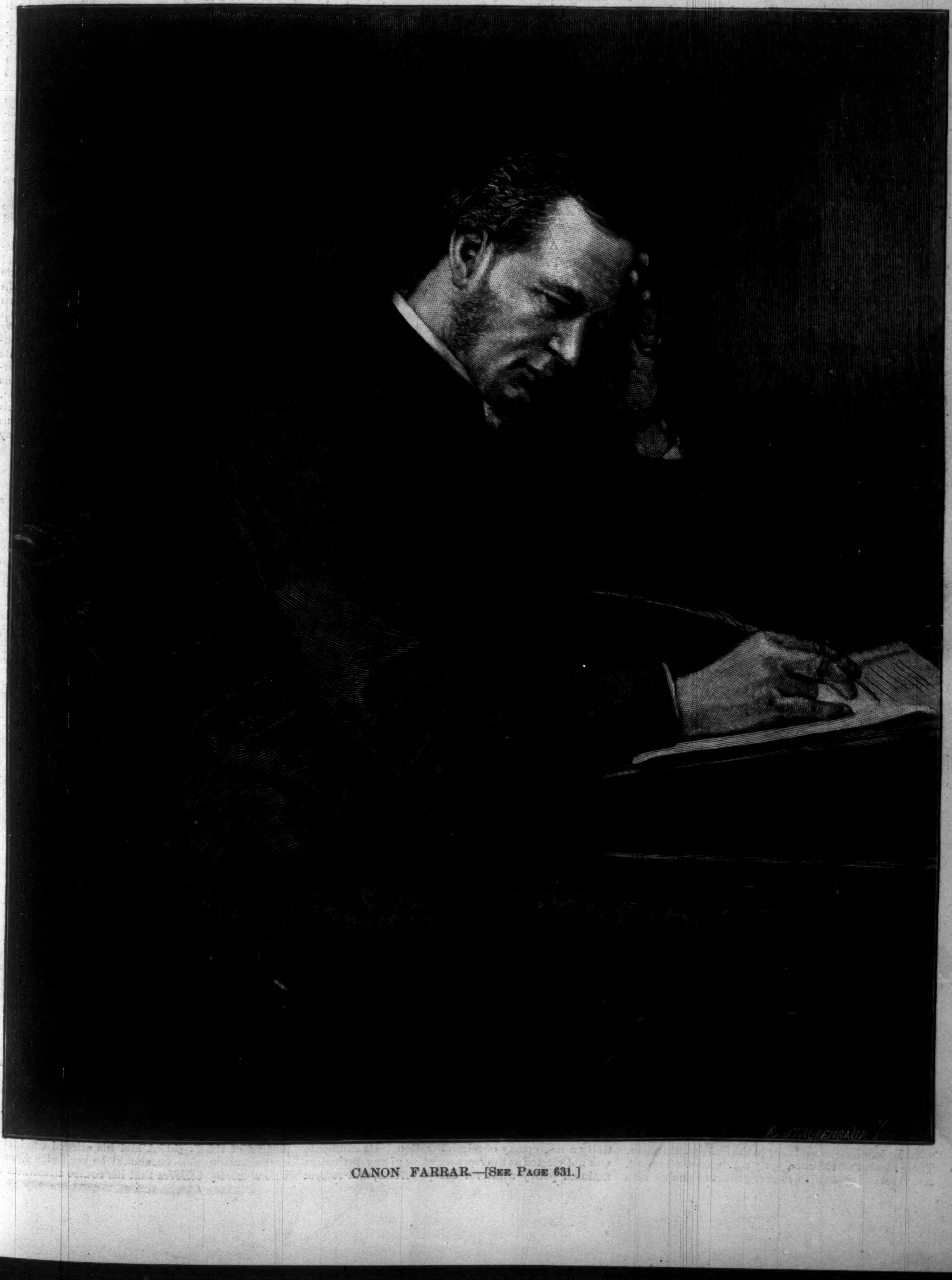

CANON FARRAR.—[SEE PAGE 631.]

FRAUD.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers *are informed that persons falsely representing themselves to be agents for Harper's Periodicals are soliciting subscriptions to* Harper's Weekly, Harper's Magazine, Harper's Bazar, *and* Harper's Young People, *at unauthorized rates, giving receipts in the name of* Harper & Brothers.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

The current number of Harper's Young People *contains the second and concluding part of* Miss Alcott's *story, "Baa! Baa!" with two illustrations by* Miss Jessie McDermott.

The opening illustration is a portrait of an unusually intelligent dog, "Dorsey," the mail-carrier of the Sierras.

"THE WHEELMEN'S TOURNAMENT AT HARTFORD"

is the subject of a full-page picture by Berghaus, *accompanying which is an article entitled "One Wheel, Two Wheels, and Three."*

Miss Sarah Cooper *contributes an interesting and instructive article on "Gasteropods," fully illustrated, and* Mr. David Ker *has a short story. "Two Arrows," the serial by* W. O. Stoddard, *continues to grow in interest.*

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage stamps.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, September 26, 1885.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE New York Republican Convention will meet as this paper is issued. The party in the State never assembled under circumstances which will test its quality more stringently than those of to-day. The boast of unprecedented unity and harmony and certain success was never more untimely, and the result of the Convention will prove whether the party has the vigor and address which evince genuine party life, and whether its patriotism is stronger than its party spirit. The Republican tone and position in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and even in Massachusetts are not encouraging. They indicate a total want of perception of the cardinal fact of the situation, which is that the country sees that the natural apprehensions of the consequences of electing a Democratic President have not been justified, and that the doleful prophecies of the Republican campaign of last year have been ridiculed by the event. Merely to repeat, therefore, the old denunciation of the Democratic party when the denunciation has been robbed of its point by the fact, patent to everybody, that no great right or interest is endangered, and that the actual offenses of the Democratic Administration are merely repetitions of Republican conduct, would be folly.

The fact to be remembered by the Convention in the interest of the party is that there is a very strong disposition among many voters who are not Democrats to give the Democrats a chance of showing precisely their spirit and purpose. No abstract declaration by the Republicans that they are the only safe depositary of power will avail; no pointing to the great services of the party in the old antislavery debate and in the war and in reconstruction will serve to condone recent and familiar offenses; no graphic statement of the wrongs done to colored voters in Mississippi will persuade a single intelligent citizen who declined to vote for Mr. Blaine that he ought to support in New York any candidate whom he holds to be unfit. Indeed, in the actual situation nothing will serve so well as a platform which shows a clear comprehension of the changes which are accomplished and accomplishing, and nominations which prove that whoever controls the Convention, the best sentiment of the best Republicans controls its action. To a platform built of "live" timber it will be essential to add a nomination of the highest character and significance, if it is proposed that the Convention shall show the independent voters of New York that their objects are likely to be promoted by the Republican party. There have been candidates mentioned for the nomination for Governor whose selection would mean nothing whatever as an indication of the party purpose to deal satisfactorily with living questions. They are doubtless personally excellent gentlemen, but politically they mean nothing whatever but Republican ascendency, without the slightest clew as to what Republican ascendency in the State would mean. Their success would not signify courageous economy, nor vigorous opposition to every effort to tamper with the reform laws, nor any general policy in regard to the great interests of the State. It would mean merely Republican administration, and that of itself would not be enough.

The nomination for Governor is of the highest importance, because it is the proof of the sincerity of the declarations. If, for instance, the platform should pronounce strongly for reform, as it probably will, it will not be enough to nominate any Republican, and then say that, as a party man, he stands upon the platform. In the words of the street boy, the voter has "been there" several times, and he is not likely to go again. The worth of the platform will be determined wholly by the candidate. Upon a reform platform it will not be enough to place a Republican. The candidate must be a Republican reformer, and such there are among Republicans who voted for Mr. Blaine. The independent voter in New York is not so persuaded that the Republican party is resolved upon reform as it was resolved upon prohibiting slavery in the Territories that he feels that to vote for any Republican candidate is to vote for reform. We do not mean that he believes the Democratic candidate, as such, to be more of a reformer. But if the Republican argument is to be that the Republican candidate is no worse than the Democratic candidate, the vote in New York will be extremely light, and every intelligent voter will ask whether it is not desirable that elections should be determined by some other consideration than that a horse with three legs is better than a horse with two. There was never a time when vehement denunciation of the other party and lofty professions of its own virtue would be less serviceable to the Republican party than this year in New York.

A FLAGRANT OFFENSE.

THAT the President was mistaken in supposing that the gentlemen whom he appointed Collector and Surveyor of the port of New York would carry out his principles of reform is rapidly becoming evident, and that these officers, in professing interest in the reformed system and a disposition to respect it, did not use the words in their obvious and usual sense is no less apparent. Mr. Hubert O. Thompson is in no sense whatever a friend of reform, and his constant presence at the Custom-house, where, in the proper sense, he has no business, is suggestive not of taking the Custom-house out of politics, but of plunging it deeper in.

The Collector has removed Mr. George B. Bacon, the chief weigher of the Brooklyn district, and has replaced him by a Brooklyn Democratic politician. Mr. Bacon's position was absolutely non-political. He is a man of the highest character and ability, of long official experience, who had no superior in the efficient discharge of his duties, and who was universally acceptable to those with whom he dealt. He was a naval officer of high merit in the late war, and a Republican who was not an active partisan. No reason is known, nor has any been given as we write, for his removal. His successor is a henchman of a Brooklyn Democratic boss, and there are some three hundred or more minor places at his disposition. The removal and the appointment are signal instances of the grossest prostitution of the power of patronage, and are in flagrant contempt of the principles which the President has announced as his own.

The removal was made by the Collector's Deputy, but it is, of course, the Collector's act, and the Collector was appointed by the President. It is an act which can not be unknown to the President, and which, unless some explanation can be given, will naturally be followed by other acts of the same kind, should this offense remain unnoticed. The position of weigher is not, indeed, included in the classified service, and therefore is not subject to the rules. But abuse of the power over it is a grave offense against all sound principles of administration. Had the late Collector removed the late weigher, and replaced him even by a politician of his own party, the proceeding would have been justly condemned by every friend of reform, and the President, acquiescing in it, must have borne his share of the responsibility. The public has the right to demand of the President that honest and efficient public service by experienced and satisfactory agents shall not be disturbed by changes made merely to gratify politicians. The Custom-house is a public business office which should be held strictly to the service of the people, and not of a crew of political bosses. If the Collector and Surveyor forget this truth, the people justly expect the President to remind them of it.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

THE Democratic Convention will immediately follow the Republican, and for the first time in twenty-five years it will meet under a Democratic national administration. By the necessity of the case, as its policy for many years had been determined by the interests of slavery, and slavery is now, happily and with Democratic acquiescence, abolished, the party is essentially a mere party of administration. Its candidate was not elected as the representative of any distinctive national policy whatever except reform, and reform meant to a large part of his supporters merely a clean sweep of the civil service, while to others it meant a different conception of the public service and improvement in the methods of filling it. These latter, however, supported him, not as a Democrat, nor because his party was a party of reform, but in order to secure the defeat of his opponent, whose success they held to be a grave public misfortune.

The Democratic party being thus necessarily a mere party of administration, which has as yet announced no general national policy, there is no force in the Republican criticism that it is commendable only so far as it carries out Republican principles, because the election showed that the country regarded the Republican nomination as proof that the Republican party could not be trusted to carry out its own principles. The essential contest, therefore, is one of administration, for the same general object, and the immediate object, as all newspaper discussion shows, is the adjustment of the civil service upon sound principles. The Democratic party has the advantage of a President who, with all the errors and violations of principle during the last six months, has done very much more for reform than any Republican President. But the party has the disadvantage of general incredulity as to its desire or purpose of reform. Nobody, so far as we know, distrusts the President upon this subject. But nobody trusts his party.

Obviously, therefore, the true course of the Democratic Convention is to gain what favor it may by hearty support of the President and by a nomination which proves its sincerity. Such a course, as against anything but the most unassailable reform nomination by the Republicans, would win the favor of the independent voter, who can not be wisely disregarded by the party politician. Indeed, with the kind independent feeling for the President, such a course, despite the best nomination by the Republicans, would secure a large independent vote for the Democratic ticket, because there is a large independent vote in New York which equally distrusts both parties as such upon the question of reform, and which would wish to sustain the President if it were made possible by the Democratic Convention. If, however, the Convention should take another course, and prove by its platform and its nominations that the Democratic party only formally sustains the President, and refrains from censuring because it hopes yet to control him, no intelligent independent voter would help it by his vote. The results of the week in the two Conventions will be of the highest political interest, and they may very possibly influence important ultimate results.

OFFENSIVE PARTISANSHIP.

WE have received the following inquiry from a friend in Illinois:

> "The national government, and also the offices, have, it is true, for many years been in the control of the Republican party, but throughout the country, in very many localities, in many States, in many counties, in many municipalities, the Democratic party has been in absolute control, and the officers of these States, counties, and municipalities have been Democrats all. Now what should be the course of the Republican Senate when, we will say, a Presidential postmaster or a United States marshal has been removed as an offensive partisan Republican, and they are asked to confirm as his successor a Democrat, who for the past fifteen or twenty years has been in the office of mayor or sheriff, election officer or railroad commissioner, appointed by a Democratic Governor, and who during all this time while he has held these offices has made them the head-quarters of the Democratic party, where 'most of the work' for the Democratic party has been done, where caucuses have been held, primaries arranged, and generally the defeat of the Republican party concocted—in a word, where everything is done which if done in a Federal office by a Republican office-holder would amount to 'offensive partisanship' of the rankest kind—what, we ask, is the Senate to do in such a case in the interest of the country and of reform?"

The answer is plain. Having distinctly declared his purpose to remove offensive politicians, and stated his understanding of the term, the President may fairly assume that however active a politician the person appointed may have hitherto been, he will feel honorably bound to respect the implied condition under which he receives his appointment; and if he be in other ways a suitable person for the office, the President can not fairly be held to have violated his own principles until he persists in retaining an officer whose offensive partisanship while subject to his authority has been demonstrated.

If, therefore, it should be objected to the nomination of any officer that in a State or county or municipal office he has shown himself to be an offensive partisan, it should not be a reason for the Senate to reject him, because rejection would be an act calling in question the good faith of the President, who has said that offensive partisans who are subject to his authority shall be removed, and the Senate ought therefore to respect the responsibility of the Executive, and assume that if he shall prove to be disappointed in the person nominated, he will promptly remove him. If, however, experience should teach it that the President declines to remove offensive partisans of his own party, it would act accordingly. In such cases as that of Troup, in Connecticut, if his reported declarations of disregard for the virtual pledges of the President, and his alleged conduct in contravention of them, should be verified, a Senator who sincerely believes that his course illustrates the

very evils in the civil service which are to be reformed would of course refuse to assent to his confirmation.

We do not think that previous active partisanship, when such partisanship was not only not forbidden, but expected and desired, should of itself bar appointment under an Administration which distinctly forbids it, and announces that it shall be held to be cause for removal. But whenever such partisanship appears, and the delinquent is not removed, then of course the whole situation is changed. The Administration would be properly distrusted, and its action would be justly suspected.

THE "PURITAN" WINS.

The friendly contest between the *Genesta* and the *Puritan* was most agreeable because it was a contest of gentlemen. The word "professional" has acquired an unhappy significance in connection with all such sports, and the late race was happily known to be an honest trial of the capabilities of the English and American vessels. It was conducted with the courtesy of an old tournament, and with the legendary spirit of the French at Fontenoy. The public interest in a battle between an English and an American ship could hardly have been more universal, and the event of the first day was hailed with a kind of patriotic enthusiasm.

The charm of such a contest lies in the test of the comparative excellence of the same people developed under different conditions. The men who owned the yachts and conducted the race are essentially men of the same blood, and to whichever side victory might incline, the laurel was sure to be worn by a victor sprung of English stock. It is the Norse viking in the English blood—ours as well as that of "our old home"—which delights in wrestling with the ocean and the wind. Modern England is Puritan, not Cavalier, England. If the Puritan line was continued more clearly in New England than in Old England, it was essentially the same line, and our Revolution was virtually a civil war; and so, whatever the result might be, it was still the Puritan that would win.

The race was a beautiful spectacle witnessed by vast multitudes of spectators. The victor was cheered and saluted with an enthusiasm that showed the manly generosity of feeling which has prevailed throughout the contest. It is indeed always pleasant to win whenever you have entered for any kind of race. But in every combat there can be but one victor, and in an encounter so frank and fair as this the contestant who misses the palm knows that the event may be some day reversed, and loses his natural regret in the resolution yet to win.

A HAPPY DAY FOR RHODE ISLAND.

A statue which has been too long delayed was unveiled the other day in Newport, Rhode Island—a statue of Commodore Perry, of Lake Erie. The statue which stands upon the green of the Old Mill, facing Bellevue Avenue, is that of Matthew Perry, of the Japan expedition. But it is Oliver Hazard Perry who was the hero of Lake Erie, and the writer of the immortal message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

Commodore Perry is one of the men of whom Rhode Island is greatly and justly proud. After her founder, Roger Williams, who was one of the truly great men of early New England, she prizes chiefly the names of Stephen Hopkins, Nathaniel Greene, Ezek Hopkins, Oliver Hazard Perry, and William Ellery Channing. These names represent religion and statesmanship, the army and the navy. But of them all the one which is most familiarly known, and which excites the most enthusiasm, is Perry, and any State is rich in the most inspiring memories which can count such men among her children.

The statue, of which an engraving was published in the Weekly, was unveiled with appropriate official ceremony, and amid the heartiest popular acclamation. They were most becoming, because the occasion recalled the most heroic figure of "the second war of independence," the gallant gentleman who showed what an American navy could do, and whose famous words proved to be the prophecy of the event of the war.

A TWO-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

The celebration of the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Concord in Massachusetts was a very interesting occasion; and the loveliness of the day, the spirit of the people, and the picturesqueness of the old town made it also a beautiful event. Concord was the first American town above tide-water, and few American towns of its size have a more important history. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, a native of Concord, where his family have been long settled, and always eminent in public spirit, was fitly selected as the orator of the day.

His discourse was a noble, complete, and adequate presentation of the peculiar distinction of Concord, and of the character and life of the old New-Englanders who planted the town and directed its growth. The orator is himself a striking representative of the qualities which marked his ancestors; a genuine son and heir of Concord. He would have sturdily swung the axe and sung the psalm in Peter Bulkley's congregation, and he would have been foremost in the town-meeting and earliest at the old North Bridge on the 19th of April. A faithful friend, a foe dangerous from the force of his character as from his ability, Senator Hoar, who modestly disclaimed all hope of investing with interest a story of which, as he said, his predecessors had left him nothing to tell, certainly left little for his successors to glean.

His oration was not of local value and interest merely, but it gave a comprehensive and vivid view of the New England of the eighteenth century which made the nineteenth century possible. He holds that our liberties have grown gradually and developed, and did not spring up in sudden maturity, and that the Revolution was not an impromptu excitement and dash, a kind of patriotic "spurt," but a carefully planned and wisely organized war. He did not fail, also, to point out the deep and tender regard, as of personal affection, which such a town fosters in her children, and which constitutes one of the most wholesome conservative forces in civilization. The feeling was universal that the fitting word for Concord upon so great a day in her history had been most fitly spoken.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Mr. I. M. Dalzell, of Caldwell, Ohio, issues the following circular:

"In 1874 we called and held here a reunion of the Blue and Gray. It was unpopular, but successful. We held, also, a reunion last month to get funds to build a monument to the dead privates. The generals have monuments. We got $1500. We need $14,000. On the monumental hall we shall have two statues of Blue and Gray, only privates. We need help. The reunion idea originating here, so popular now, after twelve years, we believe entitles us to some charity. We do not ask money. All subscriptions will be sent to the First National Bank, Caldwell, Ohio, by it to be paid only to the properly authorized trustees of said association and for said purpose only. So no one can be or will be mislead."

FROM OHIO.

An unusually well-informed correspondent writes from Ohio:

"Ohio politics are in a bad way, for there is no leader. A neat speech of his to his neighbors gave hope of something from Foraker. But his speeches since are dismal. John Sherman is fossilized. Still he should be returned to the Senate, for it is best in this transition time that neither party should have complete control. The old parties will have greater tenacity of life than some suppose. It takes a great movement to jolt people out of old ruts.

"The local question of supreme moment in Ohio is the liquor question, and here the Republican party is nearest right. Free whiskey has done sad work in Cincinnati. No decent political Convention has been held here lately. The last Republican Convention was most shameful of all, imperiling Republican success in the State if the Democrats nominate a good local ticket. If the Republican leaders would push this liquor question to the front they might win, but they don't. With the Prohibition movement and a saloon-keeper leading the ticket in Cincinnati, the prospect is not encouraging. Halstead is able and honest, but he is infatuated with Blaine. I think I see Blaine's hand all along the line of the Republican Conventions.

"As men grow old, if they do not watch themselves, they let the world grow away from them. Good deeds done have their value as a memory, but they are dead, and the living present demands our attention. Republicans seem to forget this."

TIME'S CHANGES.

A recent diplomatic appointment shows the marvellous changes of the time. The President is a Democrat. He belongs to the party which, a few years since, was absolutely controlled by the power of slavery. But he has just nominated as Minister-resident to Liberia a man who was born a slave in North Carolina, the Reverend Moses A. Hopkins.

When he gained his freedom Mr. Hopkins fitted himself for college, graduated at the Lincoln University in Pennsylvania and at the Auburn Theological Seminary, and he was for some years the principal of the State Colored Normal School in Franklinton, North Carolina. For the appointment to Liberia he was warmly recommended by the Democratic Governor of North Carolina and by other prominent citizens, including many of his own color in various parts of the country.

In view of such facts and of all the other signs around us, it is hopeless and puerile to insist that nothing is changed, that our politics are still those of 1850 and 1856, and to suppose that intelligent Americans, lovers of liberty and of fair play, are to be startled and controlled by the cry that we are still practically fighting with slavery.

TRUTH WELL TOLD.

We have seldom seen the truth told more simply and conclusively than in the following extract from an article in the *American Dairyman*. Having stated that the recent denunciations of administrative reform by some anti-monopolists "should by no means be taken as any authoritative expression of the opinions of anti-monopolists in general, many of whom, we have reason to know, entertain quite the opposite opinion," it says:

"It is manifestly common-sense that a public servant who is secure in his position as long as he is honest and faithful is more likely to be honest and faithful than if he is sure of being turned out at the expiration of the term for which he was appointed. Short terms encourage the feeling that public office is a public spoil, and that office-holders should make all the money they can, legitimately or illegitimately, during the time they are in position. Business men do not discharge an employé simply because the year for which he was hired has expired; if he has rendered faithful service, they are more likely to re-engage him and raise his wages, and civil service reform is simply applying business methods to the government service. A government officer who holds his position through partisan influence and by virtue of his activity in political affairs is not likely to be a good public servant; but if he holds it by virtue of faithful and honest service, and feels secure in his tenure of office so long as he is honest and faithful, he is less likely to be an active party worker, and this is one reason why the politicians do not like civil service reform. The 'bosses' can not control 'the boys,' because the boys, finding that they are not dependent upon the bosses for retention in their positions, naturally serve the public instead of the bosses."

CORRECTION.

Judge Clinton was the grandnephew, not grandson, of George Clinton, as we incautiously said last week.

PERSONAL.

As architect, painter, and sculptor, Mr. Stanford White, Mr. John Lafarge, and Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens are again collaborating to reconstruct the chancel of a church. This time it is the chancel of the Rev. E. Winchester Donald's Church of the Ascension, at Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street, where the late Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith so long preached. The altar is to be of Siena marble, surmounted by St. Gaudens angels, which in turn are surmounted by some characteristic symbolic figures of heroic size on canvas by John Lafarge. The cost will be about $30,000.

—Mr. Harry Fenn, the artist, has interested the inhabitants of Montclair, New Jersey, by erecting a commodious cottage quaint in outlines and proportions, both externally and internally. It has two stories and a gambrel roof, and the timbers of the second story are filled in with gray concrete ornamented with the artist's monogram and other original designs. An open-timbered tower on the south side gives to each of the upper stories a large out-door room. There are no piazzas, but several projecting galleried balconies. The site is on the eastern slope of the mountain, commanding a view of New York city and twenty other separate communities.

—Whether the name of the English yacht *Genesta* should be pronounced with a hard *g*, as in "get," or a soft *g*, as in "gem," is absolutely undecided; but Sir Richard Sutton's friends know that he pronounces it distinctly with a hard *g*. The word is Latin for broom-corn, and, as every school-boy knows, the "advanced" pronunciation of that language makes every *g* hard.

—When Miss Mary Anderson appeared as Rosalind in the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon she was greeted by a party of her countrymen who had arrived by a four-in-hand from Broadway, an American settlement eighteen miles distant. Among them were Mr. E. A. Abbey, Mr. F. D. Millet, and Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Hutton.

—Mr. Walt Whitman's friends surprised him a few days ago by sending with their compliments a horse and phaeton, in order that his physical infirmities might no longer keep him away from the streets and fields. "It has lain on my emotional nature for some time," he said to a visitor, "that a carriage would be a desirable possession; but coming in this concrete way—in the shape of a horse and carriage—it's altogether the most penetrating thing I've had happen to me." The animal is an excellent sorrel Canadian roadster, docile enough to be driven by a child. Money sufficient to keep him a year came with him. The list of about fifty donors is headed by the poet Whittier.

—The Rev. Dr. George Jeffrey, of Glasgow, Scotland, has preached more than forty-six years to the same congregation. To one of his former parishioners, now a New York merchant, Dr. Jeffrey explained the secret of his being able to interest the same audience so long. "I read every new book that has a bearing upon my special work," he said, "and make extracts from it, and index them, so that at any moment I can find them when wanted. In this way I keep myself from moving in a rut. I work as hard as I used to at twenty, and I keep so far ahead with my sermons that there are always ten or fifteen unfinished ones lying in my drawer ready to receive the results of my latest readings. I call them 'sleeping sermons,' but it is they that sleep, and not the people who hear them."

—Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, ex-Minister to Persia, has received a photograph of the heir-apparent of that country, accompanied by his autograph, and also his regrets that Mr. Benjamin's stay should have been so short.

—Mr. Joseph W. Drexel, the owner of the cottage on Mount McGregor in which General Grant died, is not a member of the Philadelphia banking firm, nor of the New York firm of Drexel, Morgan, & Co. He withdrew from the latter firm several years ago, with a large fortune, and has since been a resident of this city, and a patron of the fine arts and other civilizing forces.

—The late General Gordon conducted a frequent correspondence with a lady, who has now published his letters. In one of them he tells her that "praise is a scourge to me, and I avoid it," and that "Thomas à Kempis's little work is a platform of my views."

—The copyright of some of Thackeray's early magazine articles has just expired, and many of them will soon be given to the public.

—Mr. Henry Irving lost his pocket-book at Carlsbad. It contained $300 in money, a letter of credit, and several important papers.

—Concerning President Cleveland's attitude toward civil service reform, Mr. Dorman B. Eaton said recently to a representative of Harper's Weekly: "In his published utterances on political matters Mr. Cleveland more exactly expresses himself than any other public man I know of. Before his election to the Presidency I knew him simply as one lawyer might know another, and I confess that I was disposed to take his pledges as to civil service with the usual grains of allowance. But my association with him since his inauguration has led me to believe that he is one of the few public men who say what they really think, and who promise what they intend to perform. His moral earnestness is singularly strong. I am convinced that he intends to carry out the civil service law in the spirit in which, during the campaign, he publicly engaged to do so. The Democrats may try to abolish that law next winter, and some of them are still much disturbed about it, but such a course would be fatal to their prospects. The people of the United States have become converted to civil service reform."

—Professor George P. Fisher's treatise, *The Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief*, is carefully reviewed in the London *Spectator*, which describes it as "a really good book, full of learning and full of thought—learning which illustrates and never confuses, well digested, and consequently adding to the vital power of the thought."

—Advice to actors, by an actor: "Do not incur the just contempt of your author by informing him that such and such directions of his are 'quite against my reading of the part'; do not address him as 'laddie,' nor attempt to patronize him as 'dear boy'; do not suggest that he should be always working 'more business,' as you call it, into what you denominate your 'big scene,' nor encourage small journalists to state your views about him in print. The practice of borrowing half-crowns on sight is extremely reprehensible. Endeavor to leave your profession behind you at the stage-door, and do not enter a house with your actor's voice. Do not, if possible, begin or end your criticism of another actor's efforts with the words, 'You should have seen me play that part.'"

—Of M. Jules Ferry's great speech at Lyons the *République Française* says: "It is not the utterance of a candidate, nor is it the personal defense of a man who knows that he is attacked and who desires to reply to his adversaries. What is it, then? It is the advice of one who has passed through the trials of power, given to his fellow-citizens desirous of hearing and of profiting by the results of his experience."

—The Pope has been having some trouble of late with visitors who scold him for not adopting a more vigorous policy against heretics. By allying himself with the Home Rule party in Ireland, they claim, he could create much enthusiasm for himself and harm for Protestants.

—There are only two really good stories of circus life, according to the *Saturday Review*. One of these is M. De Goncourt's *Les Frères Zemganno*, "and the other is a little book for boys called *Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks with a Circus*, written by an American named Otis. It is a sketch of the adventures and misadventures of a little boy who runs away with a travelling circus, and falls into evil company, and makes friends with a certain monkey, whom he calls 'Mr. Stubbs,' and is befriended by the Fat Woman—good-natured after her kind. Slight as the little book is, perhaps it succeeds as well in giving a suggestion of life in one of the huge American travelling circuses as does M. De Goncourt's more labored volume in describing the conditions and circumstances of life in Parisian circuses. So far as we know, there is no English story which does for the English circuses what these books have done for the circuses of France and America." Readers of Harper's Young People have not forgotten Mr. Otis, and will be pleased at this handsome recognition of his talents.

THE DEATH OF JUMBO.

The news of Jumbo's death, which occurred at St. Thomas, Ontario, on the night of the 15th inst., has occasioned such a degree of genuine regret on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean as was never before called forth by the demise of any fourfooted creature that ever grew up in this world of sorrow and suffering to love and to be loved. It was such a wonderful growing up, that of Jumbo, that no sentiment save that of respectful admiration was possible in connection with it. Jumbo was absolutely without enemies. His growth never awakened the jealous anger of those above whose heads he towered, and his death is universally lamented. He is said to have been the biggest elephant in the world, standing nearly twelve feet high, and weighing something above seven tons. The nobility of his character seems to have corresponded admirably with the size of his frame, and although for years the idol of countless thousands of children in this country and in England, it is not recorded that he ever evinced the slightest disposition to tyrannize, but was at all times the patient slave as well as the acknowledged king, and was never more happy than when a dozen or more excited youngsters were hoisted up on his broad shoulders and he was permitted to give them a ride.

Poor Jumbo's death was tragic and affecting. The Barnum circus had been giving an entertainment at St. Thomas on the evening of September 15, and Jumbo had, as usual, conducted himself in the most meritorious and praiseworthy manner. With the plaudits of the people still ringing in his big ears, he was walking contentedly down to the railroad train that was to carry the circus out of town, when a special train of cars drawn by a heavy locomotive came thundering down upon him. The track upon which Jumbo was walking was built on an embankment only sufficiently wide to accommodate two tracks—the main track and a siding. The circus train occupied the siding. There was not room for the poor elephant to stand between the two tracks, and on the other side escape was cut off by the steep embankment, which was nearly twelve feet high. Jumbo, at sight of the advancing locomotive, took in the full significance of his perilous position, and throwing up his trunk, sounded a long shrill note of warning to the "baby elephant," which was accompanying him, and then set off at a brisk trot down the track ahead of the swiftly moving train. In vain the engineer whistled for brakes and tried to check the progress of his train; the grade was steep, and the heavy cars pushed the locomotive forward. The "baby elephant" was struck by the cow-catcher of the locomotive and tossed to one side with a broken leg, after which the rocking engine bore down upon old Jumbo. Seeming to realize that escape was impossible, the big beast came to a stand-still an instant before the locomotive reached him, and braced himself for the collision. It was like the coming together of two freight-trains. The locomotive was thrown from the embankment and six cars were derailed. Jumbo alone held the track, but the luckless giant had received injuries from which he died a few moments later. After his one shriek of despair when the engine struck him, the poor beast made no moan, but lay quietly on his side, the great mountain of flesh heaving slowly up and down until death came to his relief.

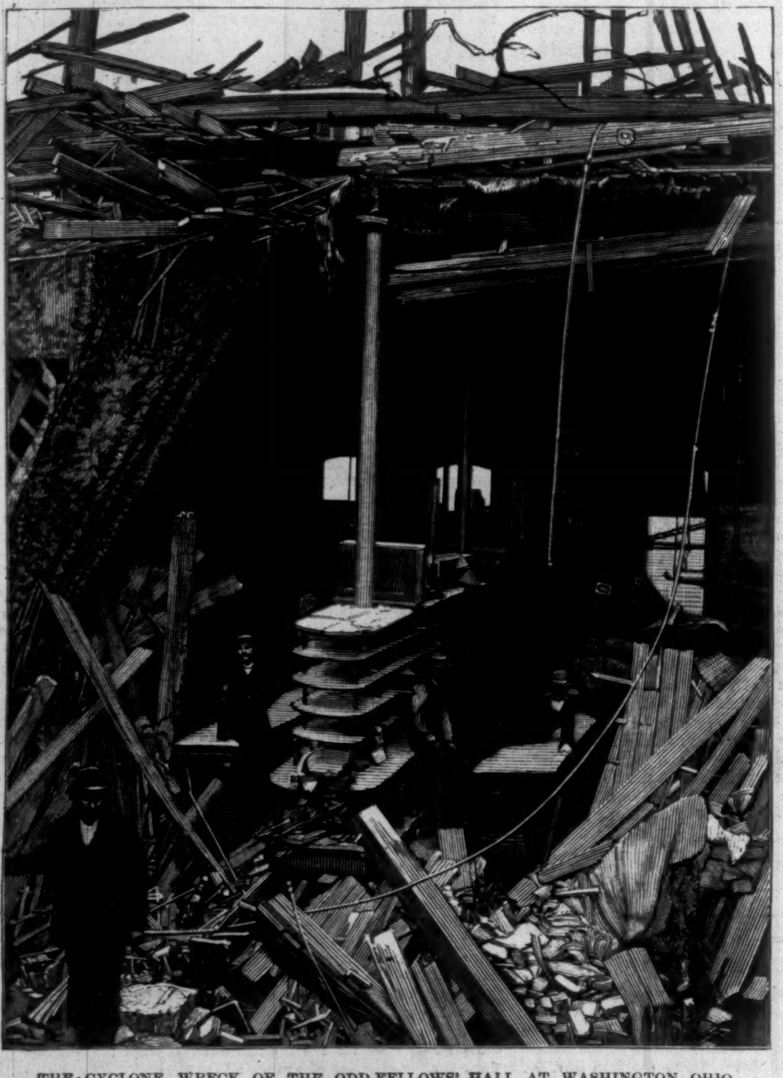
It is reported that the news of Jumbo's death has occasioned more interest in London than the race between the *Genesta* and *Puritan*. This will be understood when it is remembered that for nearly twenty years Jumbo was one of the institutions of London. He had been sold when an infant by some Arabs to the *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris, and when about three years of age was exchanged for some other animals, and fell into the possession of the Zoological Gardens in London. Mr. P. T. Barnum purchased him for $10,000 in March, 1882, whereupon a furious and curious indignation took possession of a considerable section of the British public, even the Prince of Wales sharing in the general public indignation at the elephant's sale. It is said that it cost Mr. Barnum nearly $20,000 in addition to Jumbo's original cost to get him away from London and land him on these shores. He arrived on the *Assyrian Monarch* April 9, 1882, and at once became a great pet of the American people.

The loss of Jumbo to his owners is said to be equal to the loss of $100,000 in cash, but his loss to Mr. Scott, who for twenty years has been his keeper, and who during all this time has slept on the same bed with the huge beast, and has treated him with the kindness and attention that a father bestows on a beloved child, can scarcely be reckoned in dollars and cents. Mr. Scott is inconsolable, and will have the profound sympathy of all the children in the United States. Whether Jumbo may or may not be considered to have been a great eater depends upon how you look at it. His daily rations consisted usually of two hundred pounds of hay, two bushels of oats, a barrel of potatoes, ten or fifteen large loaves of bread, and two or three quarts of onions, together, of course, with frequent luncheons during the hours of exhibition upon cakes, gingerbread, and peanuts provided by his numerous friends and admirers. He was also addicted to the beer habit, though not immoderately, and in his earlier life is said to have exhibited a weakness for whiskey.

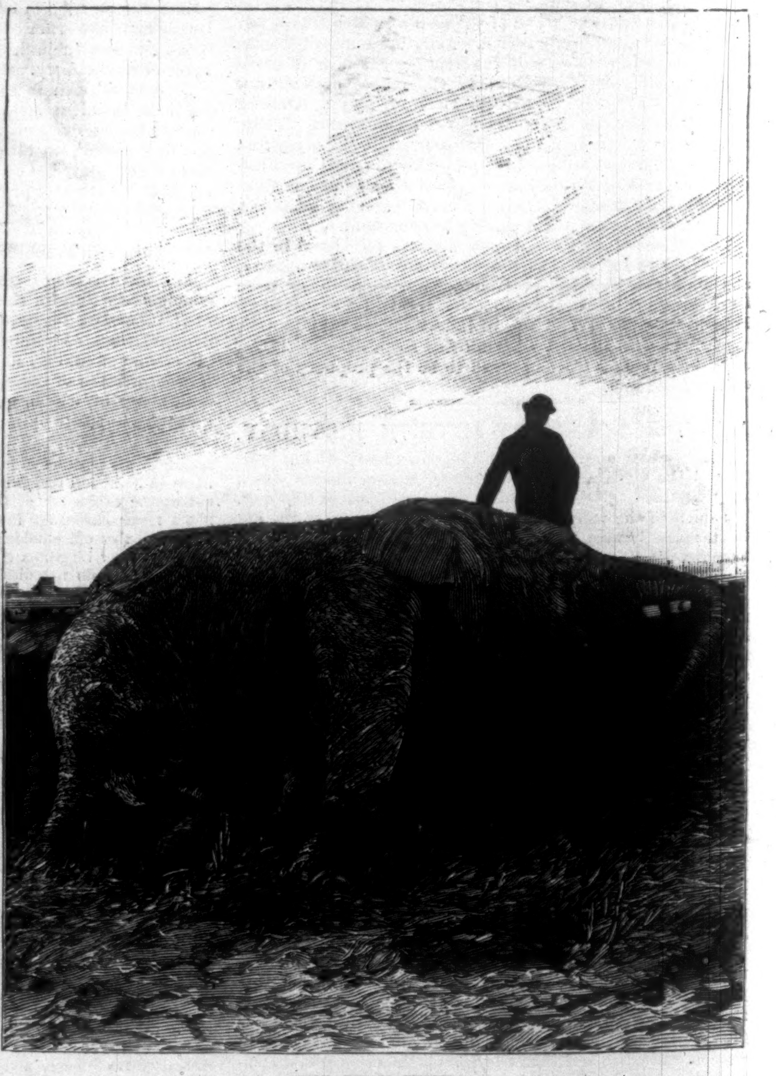
Mr. Barnum, upon the announcement of his bereavement, with his usual promptness, rendered himself accessible to the reporters, and spoke freely of his great loss. He observed that though the silver lining of the cloud was not always perceptible at first, yet he knew it was there, and hence his cheerfulness could not be disturbed. Upon the whole, he was inclined to regard the disaster as a blessing in disguise. His intentions with regard to the huge, earth-shaking beast were characterized by his usual magnificence. He had contrived nearly to satiate the curiosity of American youth with regard to Jumbo. Meanwhile another generation of children had grown up across the Atlantic, to whom Jumbo was but a beautiful tradition, and whose curiosity to behold him in the flesh Mr. Barnum was willing to appease at any cost, hazard, or personal sacrifice. It was for this purpose that an extended tour of Europe, of which Jumbo was to be the central star, had been planned by the veteran showman.

Jumbo is supposed to have been between twenty-five and twenty-six years old. He leaves no living offspring, and it is unlikely that most of those who beheld him will ever look again upon his like in the matter of magnitude. A good beast, who never took an unfair advantage of his size, and who was uniformly amiable and engaging, Jumbo will long be remembered with admiration and respect. His skeleton will be deposited in the museum of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

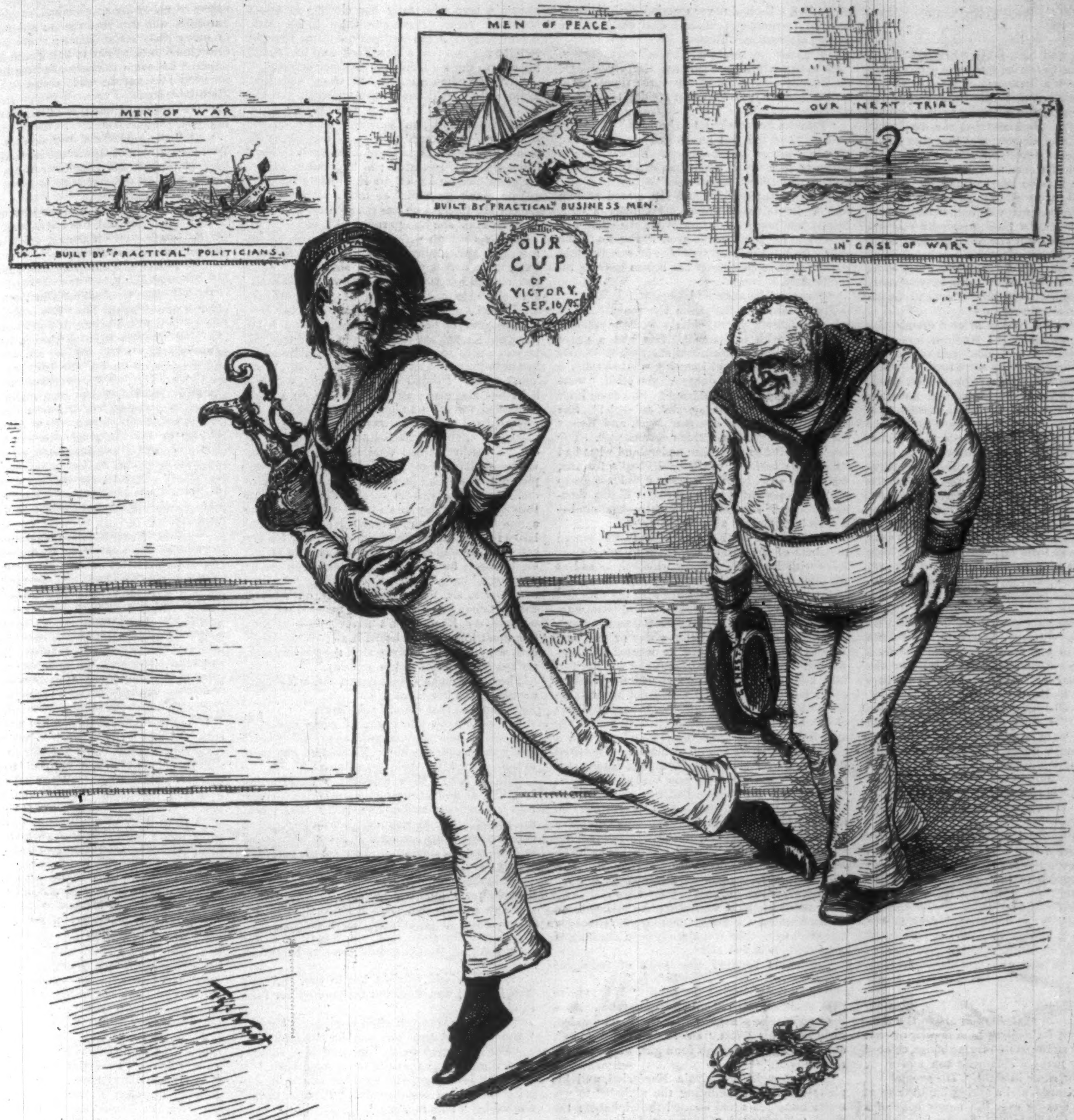
THE LATE GEORGE WARD NICHOLS.—Photographed by Landy, of Cincinnati, Ohio. [See Page 631.]



THE CYCLONE—WRECK OF THE ODD-FELLOWS' HALL AT WASHINGTON, OHIO.
Photographed by Gatch, Xenia, Ohio.—[See Page 638.]

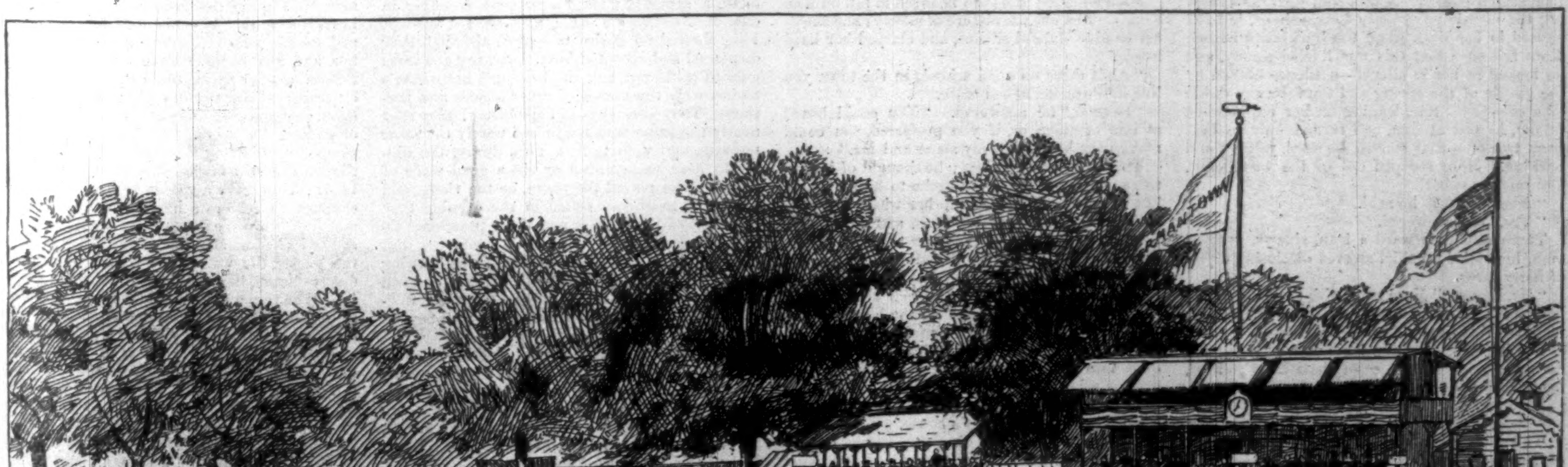


THE DEAD JUMBO.
Photographed by Scott & Hopkins, of St. Thomas, Ontario.



WE HAVE NOT GIVEN UP RULING THE WAVES YET.

U. S. "Although I have no navy, you see what I can do, when I try."



THE CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN THE GENTLEMEN OF PHILADELPHIA AND THE ENGLISH VISITING ELEVEN.—Drawn by W. P. Bodfish.—[See Page 635.]

THE RETURN.

I.

TROUT, bears, and bark-peelers are fast disappearing from the Catskills, for every summer the town-folks burrow a little deeper into the mountains, but the wilderness is not quite conquered yet, as John More found when he went in search of Rachel Kenny. He knew that she lived near Uganotuk, in Ulster County, and that was all he knew. His line of travel lay along the Hudson as far as Rondout, where a train carried him up slowly into the wooded heart of the mountains, and he alighted at the station called Big Indian, from the stream that many an angler knows and loves. There is only a tavern, styled a railroad hotel, at Big Indian, but the landlord told More how he was to reach Uganotuk.

"There's a man goes there four times a week to carry the mail," he said. "Lucky you come to-day, for Jim's jist about startin' over to 'Ganotuk. After some trout-fishin'?"

More told him that he was after a certain Rachel Kenny; whereupon the landlord remarked that Ulster County was "chuck" full o' Kennys. This was discouraging; but More took his place beside the mail-carrier in a rickety buckboard, and was driven off over the fairly good mountain road that runs through the forest, close beside the lovely Big Indian Creek. Here and there was a cleared field, carefully fenced to keep the bears from treading on the buckwheat or oats, and at long distances the log cabins of bark-peelers or charcoal-burners squatted down at the road-side, swarming with silent, staring children. After a drive of four long hours Uganotuk came in sight. The reason of the hamlet's existence was a tannery, beside which the stream was pent to sulk black and foaming behind a dam. More spent the night with Deacon Decker, an old man who kept the store and post-office, and entertained stray travellers beneath his roof. He knew Rachel Kenny.

"Her dad was a queer Dick," said the deacon, pensively. "He an' his wife have been dead nigh on to ten year, an' Rachel she lives with her uncle an' aunt about four mile up the mountain. They 'ain't got no children, an' they set great store by her, I guess."

"Are they well-to-do?" More asked.

"Well-to-do?" the deacon repeated. "It 'ud take a darned sight smarter man than you or I be to scrape much off of a farm up here. The Kennys live; they're decent folks; an' I shouldn't wonder if Uncle Jordan had a few hundred dollars laid away. He is an ugly old feller—powerful man too. He could chuck you clean inter Sullivan County."

The deacon glanced at his guest, but More smiled. He was a man of medium height, with a refined, somewhat delicate face, and although he was not foppish in his dress, his coat had been cut by a town tailor, and his boots were not obtrusively broad and big.

The next morning, a buckboard, drawn by a sad sorrel mare, and driven by a pippin-faced boy, carried John More up the steep, silent mountain-side. There were no fields here, no cabins, only the murmuring forest and the laughing stream.

"Yender's Kenny's," said the boy, pointing to a wisp of smoke that showed above the tree-tops against the fathomless blue depths of sky. A minute later an unpainted frame house, colored a soft gray by many a summer's sun and many a winter's snow, came in sight. The ground just about it was cleared, and a spring bubbled up at the road-side, flowing over the mossy edge of a great stone. Old-fashioned flowers, pinks and sweet-williams, bloomed in narrow beds that bordered the short path from the gate to the door, and the yard was carefully fenced with a weather-beaten paling. A tall, slim girl was sweeping the mosaic pavement of clam-shells, but she paused in her work when the buckboard halted. More felt sure that this was Rachel Kenny, and he looked at her in silence—a silence broken by the gurgle of the spring and the far-away tinkle of a cow-bell. She, leaning on her red-handled broom, looked at him, and turned only to beat back two curs that started forward, yelping and barking. More stepped out of the buckboard, and raised his hat.

"Miss Kenny?" he said.

"Yes," she answered.

There strode forward a lean, sinewy, grizzled man, his rolled-up shirt sleeves disclosing a pair of hairy arms.

"Mr. Kenny?" More said, with the same rising inflection; but he did not receive a shy, gracious response this time.

The big man eyed the little man as a big dog does a little dog. He scrutinized More's shoes, his trousers, his coat, and finally his face.

"Yes, my name's Kenny," he said. "What do you want o' me?"

"I have come on business; I am John More, of Newbroek, and I am one of the executors of Peter Hillard's will. Perhaps you do not know that Mr. Hillard died a few weeks ago. I sent letters to you; I am not surprised that they failed to reach you."

"We didn't git no letters," said Kenny. He smiled a little. "So Pete's dead, eh?" His smile grew into a laugh. "An' so Pete's dead? Do you hear that, Rachel? Your mother's brother's dead, an' this spruce young feller's come up here to tell us—all the way up here, by gosh!"

There was evidently something exquisitely ludicrous in the idea, for Kenny laughed and laughed again.

"Come 'long inter the house," he cried; and as More followed him, he heard him muttering to himself, "So Pete's dead. Lord! Lord! an' this feller's come up here to tell us!"

He led More into a clean, comfortable room, and told him to sit down; then he began to question his guest. More had known the late Peter Hillard well, and was able to give some account of his life. He had never married, he had made a large fortune, and he had died early in the spring, after a short illness.

"I never knowed him much," said Kenny. "He went away from Uganotuk thirty year ago, an' he only come back two or three times. An' he made money, eh? What's goin' to become of it?"

"Part he bequeathed to charities," More answered, "and the rest he divided equally among his four nieces and nephews. Rachel's share amounts to a little more than eighty thousand dollars, and I am her guardian."

He looked at the girl, and she stared at him like a dumb, dazed animal. Suddenly a light leaped into her great brown eyes; she came forward, laid her hand on his arm. "For me?" she said. He felt her hand tremble; he saw the thin pink and white calico over her bosom heaving tumultuously.

"For you," he answered.

She turned and fled from the room. A few minutes later a gaunt, elderly woman entered, breathless with excitement. She had a green sun-bonnet on her head, and she took it off and put it on again without knowing what she did.

"Fur mercy's sake, Jordan," she cried, "what have you been doin' to Rachel? She come inter the wood-shed jist now a-cryin', an'—oh!" She stopped short when she saw More, and Kenny introduced her in his fashion as his wife. The two men tried to make her understand what had happened; told her of Peter Hillard's fortune, his death, and his will; but she could not grasp the full import of it all at once. "Eighty thousand dollars!" she gasped; "eighty—thousand—dollars! My sakes alive!"

She hastened forth, presumably to the sacred precincts of the wood-shed, there to mingle her tears with Rachel's. Kenny whistled, looked at the door, and at last vanished, only to come back in the course of a few minutes with his wife and niece, both of whom were tearful and trembling. The master of the house was cordial to his guest, insisting that he should stop a day or two, and More yielded willingly, for he wanted to know Rachel. Until she came of age, she and her fortune were in his hands—a responsibility that he could not shake off, and would not slight. He talked to her gently, as one does to an intelligent child; but while he talked, her beauty of face and form dawned upon him by degrees, and a chivalric feeling sprang up within him. He asked her at last with a subtle deference in his manner what she proposed to do, now that she was mistress of a fortune. She had not spoken many words so far, but the little she had said surprised him, for if she did not use the language of a sweet girl graduate, she did not speak as her uncle and aunt did. There was a vague, indescribable difference between her and her surroundings, a faint tinge of the town in her accent and manner.

In answer to More's question she said, without hesitation, that she would like to go to school for a year or two. She had already been thinking of her future, that was clear.

Her uncle laughed the laugh of indulgent scorn.

"Hear the girl talk!" he said. "Why, you're past nineteen, Rachel, an' you quit school three year ago. She's a good speller," Kenny added, turning to his guest, "an' she's a good writer, an' I guess that's enough for a girl, whether she's rich or poor."

More thought of Sylvain Maréschal, and his plan for a law prohibiting the alphabet to women; but Rachel had learned the alphabet; the mischievous seeds had been sowed.

"I mean a school in town," said Rachel, tranquilly. "I couldn't learn much at the deestrict school, an' I wanter be educated."

More's glance just then chanced to fall on Mrs. Kenny. She was the picture of misery; she shook her head in doleful silence, and clasped her hard hands.

"Ain't there no good schools in the town you live in?" Rachel asked More.

"Several," he answered. "You could board at one of them, or, if you preferred, you could make your home with my sister and me."

This was daring of him; he thought of his sister, and smoothed his mustache to hide a smile, but he encouraged Rachel in her wish to be educated. She was only nineteen, and in two or three years she would learn how to spend her income, which is surely the first duty of an heiress.

Presently she showed him to a bedroom up under the shingles, where the roof sloped down steep on either side. Like all the house, it was comfortably furnished and exquisitely clean, but when he came out he saw through an opened door into the room opposite. His glance fell first on a large photograph of the Sistine Madonna, next on a view in Venice, finally on a spirited charcoal sketch of Kenny's house. For one minute he hesitated, then took a step or two nearer, and halted on the threshold; but his curiosity got the better of him, and he entered. A pine shelf held a little collection of books, odd copies of Thackeray and Dickens and Sir Walter Scott; a volume of the *Spectator* papers; a pile of old magazines; half a dozen text-books of history, geography, and rhetoric, and upon the table lay a finely bound volume of poetical extracts. This he looked into, and on the fly-leaf was written, in a man's hand, "Rachel Kenny," and below it the well-worn lines:

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

More shut the book with a frown, and went from the room hastily. He felt at once ashamed and angry—ashamed because he had stolen into a girl's room, angry because the girl had ever known a man who sang her charms in sweet borrowed verse. Down-stairs he found Mrs. Kenny alone. A few well-put questions brought to light the fact that a New York man had found his way to the log house the summer before.

"We never had a boarder till then," said Mrs. Kenny; "an' we'll never have another; you kin bet on that, sir. He come here early in the spring trout-fishin', an' somehow he got on the soft side o' Jordan, an' so we kep' him nearly all summer. He put them ideas inter Rachel's head about gittin' an' education; he kep' talkin' to her, an' givin' her books, an' drawin' picters fur her; an' he didn't go fishin' so much after all; an' Rachel she thought he was the greatest man that ever lived, an' she hung around him, an'—"

More sprang up with a look of horror on his face, but Mrs. Kenny shook her head fiercely. "Oh, it ain't what you think!" she cried. Then she lowered her voice. "But it wa'n't his fault, sir," she added. "I was scared; I follered him an' Rachel, an' oncet I heard him tellin' her how he was goin' to take her away. He had it all fixed, an' Rachel, she believed him. She thought he was a-goin' to put her in a school, an' he made her promise not to let on to anybody. Sir, I was 'most crazy. I didn't dare tell Kenny, for he'd ha' killed that man; an' I didn't dare say a word to Rachel, for she wouldn't ha' believed me. It was all fixed when they was a-goin' to go, an' I played sick, sir, an' Rachel she was afeared I'd die. I hardly tetched food for a week, an' he went—he didn't want to be near anything so onpleasant as a sick ole woman that was likely to die. An' I was sick in earnest, sir, 'fore I got through, an' the day he started I was as weak as a new-born baby, but I crawled out o' bed, an' heard him tellin' her that he'd come back for her soon, an' she was cryin' an' askin' him not to go; an' he went; but he was comin' back—oh yes, he was comin' back." Mrs. Kenny rose. "Ef he'd come back, sir, I'd ha' told Kenny, an' let him kill that chap like a rat; but he never come near us agin, an' Rachel don't never speak of him. She don't know that I heard it all; she is innercent as a baby, sir; but she ain't the girl she was; p'r'aps it's as well she kin go away."

The poor woman's voice broke, and a few tears coursed down her cheeks.

"Who was that man?" said More.

"It ain't wuth tellin', sir. I guess Rachel 'll fergit him, now she's a-goin' away, an' it ain't likely she'll ever see him. He said he was goin' to marry her after she'd got educated."

"Marry her?" More repeated, with an angry laugh. "If he had meant that, wouldn't he have told you and your husband about it? Marry her! no, indeed. But he was not quite bad enough to come back for her; a week or two in town cured him of his infatuation. You saved her, Mrs. Kenny."

He looked at the hard-faced, angular old woman with profound respect.

"Yes, I saved her," she echoed. "It 'ud ha' killed Kenny an' me if she'd gone wrong."

Before John More took his departure it was arranged that Rachel should come to Newbroek in a month.

"I ain't afraid to trust her to you, sir," said Mrs. Kenny; and More felt honored by her faith in him.

"I shall write to you often about her," he said, "and you must come and see her sometimes."

"She'll be glad to go," moaned Mrs. Kenny; "she'll go away, an' she'll never come back."

Rachel heard her, and took her aunt's hand—a shy caress that meant much. "I'll come back," she said. "This is home."

II.

John More and his sister Alice dwelt together in the house that had been their home since their birth, a somewhat stately mansion standing in one of Newbroek's wide, well-shaded streets. They showed no desire to marry, although they dispensed and accepted hospitality, and the town gossips could not link the brother's and sister's names with the names of other sisters and brothers. They were alike in their tastes: they read nearly the same books, admired nearly the same pictures, and went to New York during the winter to hear some music or see a good piece of acting. She played the piano, he the violin, and when the neighbors called in the evening they often found the brother and sister practicing together. They were so evidently contented that marriage seemed absurd, and John was drawing near forty, Alice near thirty—quite time, the town thought, that they chose partners for the wedding march, unless they meant to be wall-flowers forever.

On his return from Uganotuk, John related his experience with gusto and humor; but while he described the Kennys minutely, he made no mention of the man they had once entertained. He felt as though he were the possessor of a secret, and it was not his secret, but Rachel's. When he had told his story, Alice said:

"Well, Jack, I suppose we must befriend this girl."

"I was sure you would think so," he returned. "I counted on you confidently. We must find just the right school for her, and you—you are a woman, and you can tell her how to dress, and all the rest of it. She will be a docile pupil; she is moulded in fine clay; she will take kindly to polish and the amenities of life."

"Your metaphors are a little mixed, but your admiration is pure enough," said Alice. "She is pretty, you say?"

"More than pretty—beautiful; a figure like a goddess, not squeezed out of shape by—"

"That will do," broke in Alice, with a soft laugh. "It would be folly to try to convince a man that country girls are almost sure to wear cruel corsets. However, I shall enjoy polishing your rough diamond, Jack."

He looked at her quickly. She was a tall, slight, pale woman, with heavy-lidded blue eyes, and a crown of yellow hair. She had beautiful hands; her voice was well modulated; she was mistress of every little social grace; she knew how to dress, how to talk, how to listen, and her brother admired her from the bottom of his heart, but as he looked at her he was conscious of a vague dissatisfaction.

"You can never make Rachel Kenny a woman like you," he remarked.

"Ah," she said, "and you don't want me to. There is a streak of the savage in us all; we grow tired of truffles, and long for turnips. Jack, do you delude yourself into believing that you would be so much interested in your ward if she had not the figure of a goddess and the eyes of a doe?"

"No," he answered, "of course not." He lifted his forefinger in warning. "Be shrewd, be shrewd, be not *too* shrewd."

They looked at each other, and smiled in perfect understanding.

Rachel came to Newbroek in September, and spent a month at the More homestead. She was like an Indian, too proud to betray surprise, and she trod Turkish rugs as though her feet had never touched a bare floor; she eyed pictures and bronzes as though she had been reared in the Palazzo Pitti. Nothing escaped her. Neither the way Alice handled her knife and fork at table, nor the manner in which she received her brother's little attentions. Now Alice More was as wise as she was good; she saw that Rachel was quick-witted and observant, so she said nothing about the customs of polite society, for fear she would make the girl self-conscious, and she trusted entirely to example. She did try to win Rachel's confidence; but while Rachel showed the faith she put in both her new friends, she kept her secrets, if secrets she had, quite to herself. In October she was placed with a widow whose tact and knowledge of social usages exceeded her book-learning, and Rachel seemed to be very happy with Mrs. Lind. The widow taught her conscientiously, and as Rachel developed a love for reading, it became John More's pleasure to choose books for her. Sundays she spent with the brother and sister, and one evening after they two had been singing for an hour, she said that she thought she would like to learn to sing.

"If you can sing—" John began, with great enthusiasm, but he caught Alice's eye and broke off.

It was proved that Rachel had a voice, a sweet contralto, and twice a week Signor Vicini came from New York to teach her how to use it. She submitted herself to him, as she did to all her other teachers; she had a wonderful talent for obedience, but her docility puzzled the Mores, while her dignity and steadfastness of purpose roused their respect. She was terribly in earnest; she acted like a woman who was working to accomplish an end rather than like a country girl who wished to become a fine lady.

"A Frankenstein!" said Alice, one day in April. "Jack, what shall we do with her when she learns her own power? Look at this."

She held out a letter that Rachel, who had gone to spend a week with her uncle and aunt, had sent to her. It was neat, well-worded, the sentences turned gracefully and punctuated fashionably with dashes—a letter that not even Alice need have been ashamed to acknowledge as her own. But that was in April; Rachel had not wasted her winter in town.

John read the letter carefully, and then he said: "I was sure it would be so; she is no common creature. I think that she had better travel in Europe this summer. Suppose we take her, Alice? I confess I should like to see her floating down the Grand Canal in a *barca*."

This plan Alice frowned on, and it was with Mrs. Lind that Rachel spent six months in Europe. Her uncle and aunt died while she was abroad, leaving her their mountain farm, and she said with quiet determination that she would keep it always. She mourned for the old man and woman who had been father and mother to her, and she became more reserved than ever. Before another spring came up that way she lost all traces of the country girl; she grew into a calm, self-possessed, silent woman, who seemed older than her years. To the Mores she was a companion, sharing many of their pleasures, although she still made her home with the widow Lind. They gave a garden party for her in the summer to celebrate her twenty-first birthday, and all Newbroek came to do her honor. Very lovely she looked as she stood beside Alice to receive the guests, the warm color shining through her dusky cheeks, her soft dark eyes full of light and joy. The young men compared notes, and though they found her rather cold and silent, they declared that a beautiful girl had a right to be cold and silent. All Newbroek went away to sing her charms, to add dollar unto dollar to her fortune, and to chuckle a little over John More's shrewdness in keeping the beauty and heiress to himself, for Newbroek could see how he watched her, followed her, and smiled on her as he had never smiled on a woman.

After the guests had gone, and Rachel was waiting for the carriage to take her to Mrs. Lind's house, John More said to her, "In the autumn, Rachel, when my sister and I come back from our Rocky Mountain trip, you can bid Mrs. Lind farewell, for we want you here."

He looked at his sister as he spoke, and she smiled. "We both want you," she said.

It seemed for one minute as though Rachel would lose control of herself, and she held out a hand to each in silence.

"You know you are free to go wherever you like," John More added, as his hand closed over hers.

"Ah," she said, her voice trembling a little, "I have no one but you! Don't think I am not grateful, but I can't put it into words. You have been so much to me." Then, with her right hand in More's clasp, she leaned forward, and kissed Alice. She hesitated, looked at More, and drew nearer to him. "I will kiss you too," she

said, smiling and blushing; but it was he who gave the kiss, hardly touching the soft cheek that she turned toward him, and avoiding his sister's eyes.

It was not until late in October that the three met again, for while the brother and sister were travelling in the West, Rachel was at the sea-side with Mrs. Lind. The Mores reached home first, and when Rachel arrived she was greeted warmly, and showed to a room that she knew was hers as long as she cared to keep it.

"You see, it adjoins my own particular den," said Alice, leading her into a room where every chair, every ornament, betrayed the woman. Its appointments were familiar enough to Rachel, but she saw on a tiny table a photograph sunk deep in a heavy silver frame, and this was new. The table held nothing else. The photograph stood apart, as though it were a sacred object.

Alice saw where Rachel's glance had strayed.

"Look at it, dear," she said. "It is Frank Wayland, and I shall be his wife some day."

Rachel studied the picture in silence, and without looking away from it, said: "Do you love him, Alice?"

"Yes, I love him. I loved him a long time ago, but we had a foolish quarrel, and did not see each other for a good many years. This summer we met, and— Well, I have told you all there is to tell. Don't you like his face, Rachel?"

She did not answer; she turned and clasped Alice in her arms.

"You are too good for him," she said.

"No, no," Alice cried. "He is everything that a man should be, and I am the happiest woman in the world. Why, Rachel, it was for his sake that I remained unmarried all these years. At twenty I thought he was not constant to me; now I am twenty-nine, and he has been constant to me in spite of everything. I doubted him once, but I never shall again. He is chivalric; he has a Quixotic sentiment toward women, and even a barefoot country girl he treats deferentially. I did not understand that when I was a foolish girl of twenty, but now I understand, and I honor him for it. You will like him."

"Did you tell him about me?" Rachel asked.

"Yes. But you know John never speaks of you often to any one except me, so Frank will probably be rather astonished when he sees you, for we did not try to describe you; we gave him the merest outline of your history."

"Has he any sisters or brothers?" Rachel asked. "Tell me about him."

"He is an only child, and his parents have been dead a long time. He is not very rich, but you know I have something, and we shall be able to live. Besides, he has his profession. However, that is nothing," she exclaimed, impatiently. "I am not a romantic girl, but I am afraid I should marry him on nothing a year."

"And your brother?" said Rachel.

"Oh, John likes him, and so will you like him. Wait until you learn to know him well, as I do; only, of course, you will never look on him with my eyes, but you and he will be friends."

"Friends," Rachel repeated.

"I shall not be jealous," said Alice, with a soft, confident laugh. "I am wiser now than I was nine years ago."

"He loved you then?" said Rachel.

"Yes; and he has loved me ever since," Alice answered. "I am speaking more frankly to you, dear, than I could to my brother. I am glad I have you to talk to; I can not talk to any one else. You are a strange girl, Rachel—not a girl, a woman—and there is no woman I love so well. You have made my life happier."

"Don't!" cried Rachel, sharply. "I can never make any return for all you have done for me."

"Return?" said Alice. "Who thinks of any return? Only love me, and be a sister indeed to me."

"May I come in?" said John More. He stood in the doorway, a bunch of roses held lightly in his hand. "What is the matter?" he added, taking a step nearer. "You both look rather tearful."

Rachel brushed past him, leaving him to stare blankly at his sister.

"I have been telling her about Frank," she said, "and of course we cried a little. Women always do at such times. Go and comfort her."

His face flushed; he turned away, gripping the roses fiercely, but he could not find Rachel. Presently she came into the library, where he sat dreaming by the fire, the roses lying on his knee, and not seeing him, she crossed to a window, and looked out on the twilight world. She stood there a long time before she sank down mechanically in a chair, and not until then did he approach her, and drop the roses in her lap.

She glanced up at him. "For me?" she said.

"For you; everything I have is for you if you will take it." She did not understand him. He saw that, and put his hand over hers. "Will you be my wife?" he said. She sat silent, her hand lying beneath his. "Couldn't you learn to care for me, Rachel? I have loved you, I think, ever since I first saw you."

"I have something to tell you," she said, slowly. "I am not worthy of you."

"Not worthy?"

"I am not good enough for you. I loved some one else—it seems a long time ago—but perhaps—"

"Perhaps you might forget him and love me?" said More. "I will wait, Rachel. I know about him. He gave you books; he was there in the country all one summer, and amused himself with you."

"Who told you?" she said, quickly.

"Your aunt. She did not tell me his name; she only hinted at the story, but I understood."

Rachel caught her breath. "I did love him; I couldn't help loving him," she said. "He told me he was coming again; he meant to have me educated, and then he said he would marry me. And I believed him."

"Suppose you should see him again?" cried More.

"I always hoped to," she answered. "I meant to make myself a woman he would not be ashamed to love and marry. He described his sister to me, and his sister was like Alice, so I tried to copy her. I thought of him when I studied. He had told me that my voice was worth training, and it was for him that I learned to sing. When I was in Europe I saw the pictures he had described, and his face was in every one, looking at me over the shoulders of saints and virgins. I prayed that I might meet him and win him back, for I was sure that he could not have quite forgotten me; I was sure that he was faithful to me in spite of everything. I think, think what a poor fool I have been!" she cried, in sudden passion. "He vowed that he had never cared for any one but me, and I believed him; he told me that he would come back for me, and until a little while ago I believed with all my heart and soul that when we met he could explain why he broke his promise. I only feared that death had kept him from me. Don't speak of him to me again; don't tell Alice about him."

"I never will," he said. "And you trust me, Rachel?"

"Trust you? Yes."

More caught her hand. "Are you sure of yourself?" he asked, eagerly. "If he came, swore that he had not forgotten you, explained everything, offered you love, marriage—"

"I would not marry him," she said.

"And you trust me, Rachel? Could you be happy as my wife?"

"If you want me—" she began, but he would not let her go on.

They were very silent that evening at dinner, for Rachel hardly spoke, and John More caught her looking at him shyly, almost with fear. He accompanied his sister afterward to a neighbor's house, meaning to leave her at the door and return to Rachel; but the master of the house laid hold of him, and half dragged him into a room full of people. He could only swear to himself that in half an hour he would take his leave in spite of prayers and protests.

Meanwhile Rachel sat alone in the parlor until the servant showed a gentleman in who apologized smoothly and introduced himself. Rachel had grown white, and she held out a trembling hand to him.

"Frank," she said, "don't you know me?"

"Miss Hillard, John's ward," he answered; and then light broke in upon him, and he turned as white as she was.

"My name changed with my fortune," she said. "We can keep our secret, can't we? You deceived me, but I will forgive you. I will forget all that if you make Alice happy. She has been so good, so kind! It would break her heart to know what you are and what you were to me."

While John More and his sister were walking homeward he told her that he hoped Rachel would be his wife some day.

"I saw it coming," she said, "and I am glad, Jack, that she will rule in my stead. She is the only woman I could bear to see in our mother's place; and after Frank and I are married I shall feel that the old home is still a home to me. Ah, Jack, we have led a colorless life so long! We were happy enough, but now—"

They had reached the house, and More opened the door with his latch-key. Alice went forward and drew aside the curtain that hung before the music-room door; then she beckoned to her brother. They saw Rachel and Frank Wayland standing by the fire, talking in low, earnest tones; but Rachel's quick ear caught some sound, and she turned toward the door.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "so you are here at last. As there was no one to introduce Mr. Wayland, he had to introduce himself, and he and I begin to feel quite like friends already." She drew near, and spoke in tones of reproach to John More, giving him smile for smile. "You promised to be back in ten minutes, and you have been gone an hour."

Wayland laughed. "That is more flattering for you, John, than for me. Alice, you look surprised to see me. I ran away from business, broke two engagements, and here I am."

He kept his promise to Rachel; he made Alice happy during their short married life; and death, which is sometimes kind, not cruel, took him from her before she had learned to know how weak and worthless he was. And Rachel rejoiced that Alice mourned for him with a sorrow that held no trace of shame or bitterness.

CHARLOTTE DUNNING.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

THROUGH his remarkable eulogy of General GRANT in Westminster Abbey, most Americans have formed a sort of speaking acquaintance with Canon FREDERIC W. FARRAR; but few Americans, even of those most conversant with his religious writings, understand how representative a man of the times is the distinguished preacher, teacher, and author, who is now visiting this country. To say that he preserves the traditions and continues what is vital of CHARLES KINGSLEY, FREDERIC W. ROBERTSON, Dean STANLEY, and the school of English theology to which they belonged, describes him only in part; for while he has nothing of the brisk boyishness of Mr. KINGSLEY, or the melancholy of Mr. ROBERTSON, or the tempered iconoclasm of Dr. STANLEY, he possesses something in common with Dr. ARNOLD, of Rugby, and also with Dr. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. But more than any one of these leaders of theological thought in England, Canon FARRAR is the exponent of a quality which literary criticism would call justness of spirit, which ecclesiastical criticism would call catholicity, and which political criticism would call cosmopolitanism—a quality which one of these days will cause him to be invested with a bishop's robes, and secure his admission into the House of Lords.

No clergyman of the Church of England ever attained to Canon FARRAR's dignity and renown without becoming the head of a faction. But Canon FARRAR is so little of a factionist that he has never been ranked at home as a High-Churchman, a Low-Churchman, or a Broad-Churchman, a sacramentarian, an evangelical, or a heretic, and is not claimed exclusively by any school of Episcopal divines in this country. Such American Broad-Churchmen as the Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS of Boston, and the Rev. ARTHUR BROOKS and the Rev. W. R. HUNTINGTON of New York, do, indeed, find him very congenial; but there is probably no Episcopal pulpit in the United States that would not extend to him a cordial welcome, while his friends among the Presbyterians, the Methodists, the Baptists, the Congregationalists, and even the Universalists are whoever have read his books. The Jews, too, must feel kindly toward a Christian who in his *Life of Christ* is sure that none of them "will charge the Christians of to-day with looking with any feeling but that of simple abhorrence on the long, cruel, and infamous persecutions to which the ignorance and brutality of past ages have subjected their great and noble race."

The skeptics, also, must appreciate a dogmatist who announces his intention to deal not otherwise than indirectly with "the serious doubts of those who, against their will, find themselves forced to lapse into a state of honest disbelief." The most liberal of thinkers must feel a chord in his soul touched at such words as, "People sometimes talk and write as though pagan truth were one thing and Christian truth another; but truth comes only from Him who is the Truth," and must respect an orthodox divine who takes Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, and gives a popular sketch of their lives under the title of *Seekers after God*, because they were men who, "amid infinite difficulties, and surrounded by a corrupt society, devoted themselves to the earnest search for those truths which might make their lives beautiful before God." The strictest Calvinist can not be angry with a controversialist who, though the author of a book called *Eternal Hope*, accepts "the great, awful, but neither unjust nor unmerciful doctrine of future retribution," and pronounces the statements "which have been so freely circulated in England and in America that I 'denied the existence of hell,' or 'denounced the doctrine of eternal punishment,' as merely ignorant perversions of what I tried to teach." The most ardent believer in the future restitution of all things must find satisfaction in the fellowship of a man who looks forward to "some intermediate state, when souls which at the time of death are still imperfect and unworthy, and not yet in a state of grace—and of such are the vast majority of us all—may still be reached by God's mercy beyond the grave."

This same spirit of catholicity appears also in Canon FARRAR's dedication of one of his books "To ALFRED TENNYSON, Esq., Poet Laureate, who, among his many high services to all that is pure in conduct and great in thought, will also be remembered by posterity as the poet of 'the larger hope.'" Indeed, no poet is quoted so often in Canon FARRAR's controversial writings as ALFRED TENNYSON; and no words so well express his highest aspiration as those from "In Memoriam," which find a place in the preface to one of his series of sermons:

> "O yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill,
> To pangs of nature, sins of will,
> Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;
>
> That nothing walks with aimless feet;
> That not one life shall be destroy'd,
> Or cast as rubbish to the void,
> When God hath made the pile complete."

Nor does Canon FARRAR's catholicity shine less in the field of scholarship. It is his pride that his *Life of Christ* and his *Life and Work of St. Paul* appeal to the scholar not less than to the general reader; and any Biblical scholar who has followed the Canon's philological dissertations on disputed passages of the text of the New Testament will have noticed the wide range of his studies in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German, French, and English, as well as the justness of spirit with which his critical decisions are reached. As early as 1865 Canon FARRAR wrote his *Chapters on Language*, which was followed in 1868 by his *Greek Syntax*, and these studies were diligently pursued during the six years that he was Master of Marlborough College, an extremely interesting period of his life, in which he left his impress upon hundreds of boys. "May I not say to Marlborough boys," he asked on one occasion in his pulpit, "that your school is to you a kind and gentle nurse, and that it is possible for you here to live innocent and honorable lives, amid a thousand influences for good, none hindering, and many helping you? I know that I may say it." And on another occasion, while preaching to his pupils on "school games," from the text: "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof," he said: "I am going to speak to you a few words about games; nor do I think it in the least degree needful to apologize for such a topic, as though it were as much below the dignity of the pulpit as it is alien from its conventionalities. The true, the only dignity of the pulpit which I can recognize comes from the desire to do good by speaking words which are real, and which even the youngest hearers may understand."

If we may say of the classic style what has been said of Homer's, that it is rapid in movement, plain in words, simple in ideas, and noble in manner, it is fair to call Dr. FARRAR's literary style classic; and one element of the classic is catholicity. Dr. FARRAR, in a word, is the most notable living theological representative of the catholicity of the modern spirit, and, viewed in this light, the warm welcome that he is everywhere receiving has a profound significance.

Dr. FARRAR's engagements here have been arranged as follows: After visits to Quebec, Montreal, and Niagara, he will lecture in Chicago on the 25th of September, in Baltimore on the 29th, in Philadelphia on the 5th of October, in Washington on the 10th, in Riverdale-on-the-Hudson on the 17th, in New Haven on the 20th, in New York some time between the 23d and 30th, when he will be the guest of Mr. CYRUS W. FIELD, and in Boston on the 31st.

Dr. FARRAR is Canon of Westminster, Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Chaplain-in-ordinary to the Queen. He was formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Assistant Master at Harrow, and Master of Marlborough College. His father was a clergyman, and his birth-place is the Fort at Bombay. He has written three novels, called *Eric*, *Julian Home*, and *St. Winifred's*. His age is fifty-four.

Dr. FARRAR arrived in Quebec on the 13th of September. In a private note to the Rev. Dr. CUYLER he accepts an invitation to a reception tendered by the National Temperance Society in this city on the 29th of October, but adds: "How I shall possibly get through the mass of work marked out for me by my friends on this side of the Atlantic I can not tell."

COLONEL GEORGE WARD NICHOLS.

THE late Colonel GEORGE WARD NICHOLS, of Cincinnati, was as public-spirited a citizen as any community in this country possessed. Few men ever did more for their city in self-sacrificing and absolutely unremunerative toil. No enterprise of pith and moment in connection with the Cincinnati College of Music was pushed without the aid of his judgment and energy. Of late years he may be said to have lived, moved, and had his being in that successful and useful institution.

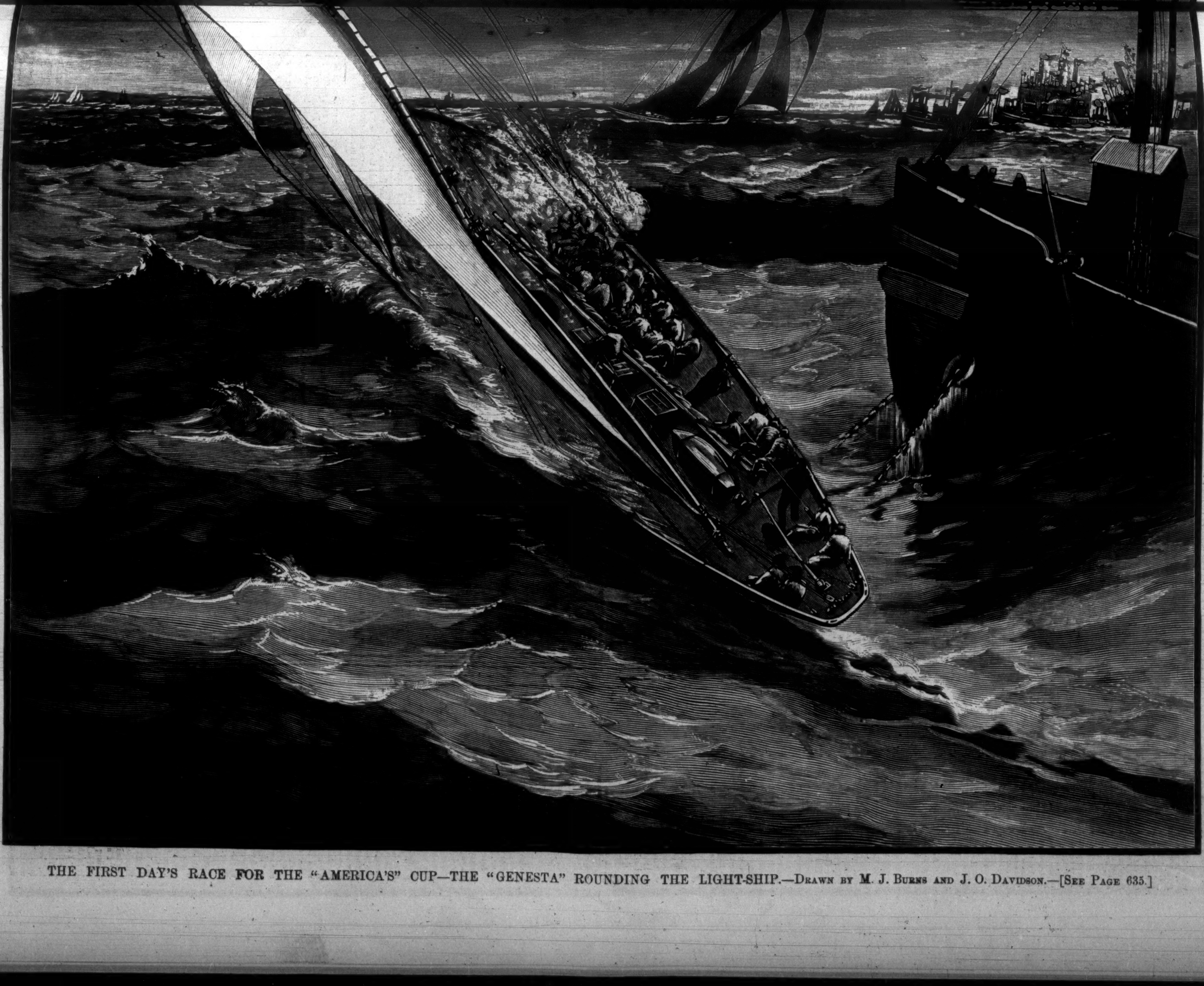
Colonel NICHOLS was prepared for these important services by his studies and experiences as art critic of the New York *Evening Post* during Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT's reign, and he showed his learning and good taste not only in the columns of that journal, but also in his widely circulated book, *Art Education as Applied to Industry*. After his removal to Cincinnati, however, his energy and public spirit found a more conspicuous field than in New York. The great Musical Festivals in May in 1872, '73, '75, '78, and '80 were so much indebted to his forethought and executive skill that it may justly be said that without him they would not have existed; and the College of Music itself would have died without the $200,000 that were contributed through his influence. He was an excellent musician. During the war he was aide-de-camp to General SHERMAN, and after it he wrote the story of "the great march." He died of consumption, on the 15th of September, in his forty-ninth year.

AFFECTION AMONG ANIMALS.

THE assertion that "self-preservation is the first law of nature" is a cruel libel upon a large section of animal creation. To preserve and safeguard their offspring many, if not most, creatures will risk and even sacrifice their lives. The more powerful animals might naturally be expected to do battle for their young; but it is surprising to find that the weakest and most timorous defy strength and forego fear on account of their progeny. That beings which flee from man and other despots, when the preservation of self only is concerned, should disregard personal danger, and fight till death when the safety of their helpless offspring is concerned, is, indeed, a marvel of nature. From the fragile bird to the mighty elephant, from the lowly snake to the highly organized chimpanzee, this devoted attachment of the mother for her young is seen to exist.

The cold-blooded adder would scarcely be selected as an emblem of maternal love, and yet there can be no doubt that it has frequently lost its life whilst seeking to preserve the existence of its young. Mr. Garratt, in a recent edition of his interesting *Marvels of Instinct*, gives a very circumstantial account of an instance in which a very large adder was seen on a bank by the roadside basking in the sun. The narrator of the story advanced to assail the creature with his stick. On observing him she gave a slight hiss, at the same time raising her head a little and opening her mouth. The signal was understood by her four little ones, who instantly glided down her throat. But her thought for her offspring caused the mother's destruction, for the act delayed the adder long enough for him to strike again, and the snake, gorged with young, lay dead at his feet. Mr. Garratt then removed her body into the middle of the road, to see what had become of the "insiders." He opened the snake, and the four young all came out alive.

The hedgehog, though so shy as rarely to be seen by day, except in some very secluded spot, and usually so timid as only to forage for its subsistence at night, rolling itself up like a ball at the approach of a human being or a dog, has yet been known, upon occasions when its offspring were in danger, to show great courage. In his *Natural History* Lenz relates that he once set a marmot upon a hedgehog which was suckling her young. The hedgehog instantly raised her bristles, and at the same time pointing her snout to the ground, approached the marmot. She attacked him front and rear by alternately wounding him with her bristles and biting him with her teeth, at the same time snorting with a noise like the beating of a drum. Occasionally she would seize hold of her adversary and drag it into another corner of the room; and Lenz soon saw that the only means of saving the marmot's life was to take it out of reach of the infuriated mother.



THE FIRST DAY'S RACE FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP—THE "GENESTA" ROUNDING THE LIGHT-SHIP.—Drawn by M. J. Burns and J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 635.]

THE CRICKETS.

When days grow short, and daisies lose
Their white caps on the hill-side cold,
And by the sunny garden wall
The poppies red umbrellas fold,
The crickets their light fiddles pipe together,
A tuneful crowd in spite of autumn weather.

The old folk, musing by the hearth
Within the pleasant twilight's glow,
Smile as these airy revellers
Ring softly from the chinks below.
"Old summers, old summers," they seem to sigh together,
The crickets and their hearts, in autumn weather.

The children playing by the fire
Are listening, too, to each clear note,
And laugh while shafts of rosy flame
Mount the old chimney's blackened throat.
"To-morrow, to-morrow," they seem to sing together,
The crickets and their hearts, in autumn weather.

And out within the barren field,
Dame Nature, sitting all alone,
Talks to herself, and loves to hear
From the brown thatch their last faint tone.
"To sleep now, to sleep now," they seem to sigh together,
The crickets and her heart, in autumn weather.

Susan Hartley Swett.

HALF-WAY.*

AN ANGLO-FRENCH ROMANCE.

CHAPTER V.

THE PLEA PATERNAL.

She had not long to wait. In a quarter of an hour two cards were brought in, respectively inscribed with the names of the Dean of Culpho and the Reverend Aubrey Sheldrake. A few minutes later there they stood, no better specimens of the English clergy to be found in the entire Church.

The elder was one of those portly, cheerful-tempered men of the world who remind us in these altered days of the traditional friars and jolly abbots of the olden time. Yet the Dean was not without dignity of presence; and you could see at a glance that more than the grievous tribulation had sobered a genial temperament. As stanch a Churchman and Protestant as the Establishment numbered among its ranks, he was, nevertheless, wholly without the austereness of his more youthful companion.

He also might be taken as a favorable type of the conscientious nineteenth-century English clergyman.

Most of us are fashioned so that all may read us as they run; and it was evident that the curate no less than the Dean belonged to the world as well as the Church. Whilst we should expect to find the Dean a little old-fashioned in his theology and a little humdrum in his methods, we might be quite sure beforehand of what the curate would discourse in the pulpit. This young evangelist of self-development culture, and progress generally, wearing the blue ribbon, and ready to take part in a revivalist mission, was steeped in literature to the finger-tips, imbued with the latest current theories, social, political, and artistic, in fact, an excellent democrat, even a thorough-going Radical, but for one stumbling-block.

He could not admit the revolutionary doctrine concerning women. He clung to the old, fond, foolish ideal of a weaker vessel; a soft thing, who screams at a mouse; a feminine paragon, who sits in her drawing-room mending her husband's socks.

Now if there is anything irritating to a well-ordered, extra-clerical mind, it is such a spectacle as this, a well-dressed lady who does sit in her drawing-room mending socks, or, worse still, making shirts. Whatever is it but a foolish protest against the two greatest revolutions of modern times—the social equality of the sexes, and the supersession of manual labor by machinery—a still more foolish flattery of the commonplace male?

Men and women, however, may be pleasant enough and virtuous enough in spite of holding the most abominable theories, and Camma's naturalness and animation returned as soon as she saw the familiar figures standing in the doorway. They looked so unfeignedly pleased to see her, so cordially affectionate was their greeting, that for a brief moment this vision of home they brought with them was sweet and welcome, and, under other circumstances, so would have been their visit.

"Dear Uncle Francis!" she said, for thus had she styled her old friend from childhood upward—"dear Uncle Francis, what made you come? And you too?" she added, glancing brightly, mischievously, at his companion. "Are you on your way to French Switzerland—going to ascend Mont Blanc?"

The Dean smiled somewhat bitterly. "I fear, my dear, we have come on an errand more difficult than the scaling of a mountain," he said, "but Aubrey is only here to shake hands with you now. For a brief moment he will leave us alone."

"We might afterward take a stroll together," the young man suggested, looking at Camma. "This town, though one of the third order in France, should offer some objects of interest for the tourist."

"I am longing to see it," poor Camma said, feeling all the while much as a child to whom a doll is held out as the reward for sitting patiently in the dentist's chair.

"Then I will not detain my uncle; I will turn the time to account by studying the guide-book, so that we can do our sight-seeing systematically," Aubrey replied. Everything with him, even love-making, must be done systematically. He would contrive somehow to die systematically when his hour came.

No sooner had the door closed after him than the Dean began to unbosom himself. "I have no intention whatever of trying to thwart your own plans," he said; "you are now mistress of yourself and your fortunes; you might do worse than devote a few years of your life to the novitiate of a Protestant sisterhood; and you are going among admirable people. None more estimable than the Protestants of Mulhouse. At the same time," and here he smiled, "it would certainly seem to an unprejudiced mind that you are throwing away better chances of happiness. A worthier young man than Aubrey does not wear the cassock; his chances of preferment are excellent; and he is devoted to you. These questions, however, afford matter for your own consideration only."

He sighed deeply, and added,

"But this son of mine, Camma—this son of mine!"

Did the Dean know that Millison was there, lying ill under that very roof? Camma waited, taking secret counsel with herself.

The Dean went on:

"You are young; you are as yet comparatively inexperienced, unversed, happily, in sorrow. I can hardly expect you to enter into my own feelings. Yet, I confess it, I have been somewhat taken aback by your attitude toward Millison hitherto. Do you then approve of these conversions of our young people to Rome?"

"Oh!" cried Camma, full of pity for the Dean, yet drawn all the while closer and closer to Millison, unconsciously yielding to the affinity of youth with youth, and enthusiasm with enthusiasm. "May not conversion to Rome surely mean so many things?—in Millison's case especially. It is the first time in his life that he has given his mind to inquiry of any kind. May not even an erroneous conviction be better than indifference in serious things?"

The Dean paused ere making reply.

"Were human beings isolated units, were my son an adult, ripe for thought, were we living in the apostolic age, yes," he at last said, speaking incisively and bitterly. "But none of us stand alone. We can not emancipate ourselves from our responsibilities as members of a family. What right has Millison thus to go against his father's judgment and fondest wishes? What right have his spiritual advisers—so called—to sow deadliest discord between father and son? For look you, Camma, we are no longer called upon to cast in our lots with paganism or Christianity. Salvation is to be found not in one church only, and that the Romanist knows right well. The soul, forsooth! Is a young soul saved by inculcating lessons of the bitterest ingratitude, the basest undutifulness, the most stony-hearted callousness to human suffering?"

Camma listened without a syllable. Her heart ached for her childhood's friend—no kinder had she in the wide world. She had followed every word of his reasoning; she could understand the keenness of his anguish. But how different her sympathy with Millison! She owned to herself all the while, without being able to explain the reason, that the feelings now called into play were cold by comparison. She even went so far as to blame herself for this inability to see things from the Dean's stand-point. How could she know that the magnetic attraction of youth for youth was the cause? She and Millison were young together; and had he chosen to embrace Mohammedanism, his enthusiasm would have been beautiful in her eyes.

"Be not deceived," the Dean went on; "this fierce zealotry displayed by Rome has nothing in common with the fervid propagandism of old. In the early days of the Church men's souls were in the white heat of religious fervor, and it might well seem then that human affection, civil responsibility, even moral obligation, were as a feather when weighed in the scales with the eternal benefits conferred by Christianity. But the intellect of the world is now mature. Men and women who think must recognize the fact that spiritual teaching has long since outstripped mere theology. If we would save our souls, it must now be by purity, high-mindedness, integrity, crystal clear—not by penances and paternosters. You agree with me so far?"

"Of course," said poor Camma, greatly distressed.

"Of course! Yet Millison is right," the Dean replied, biting and ironic. "Right to challenge the ripe judgment of his elders, to flaunt his undutifulness in the eyes of the world, or perhaps to bring upon me the last sorrow and the last shame? My dear Camma, regard his conversion as a sort of ague-fit, a youthful distemper, like measles or whooping-cough, that will pass out of his system, leaving him as before. You hold, perhaps, that he ought to be left to himself, hoping and believing all the while that, when he is older and wiser, he will see things differently."

"I should be indeed happy if it were so," Camma said. "No one could feel more grieved at Millison's resolve than myself."

"Yet you will not lift a finger to stop him in his headlong career. For never think that if he is to be rescued the opportunity will come later. No; he will find himself too helplessly enmeshed in the toils. But there is yet time, and you—you, and none other—can save my son from this dreadful doom."

Camma just glanced at her oldest friend, and that was all. His usually pale face was flushed with excitement. There were tears in his eyes and in his voice.

"You do not know—you can not realize what it is," he added, "this celibate priesthood, this blind sacrifice of a human life to mediæval superstition, this uncompromising defiance of the best, holiest feelings implanted by God in the human breast. But one thing you can understand. Millison will be lost to us both forever. From the day that he enters the seminary you have no comrade, I have no son."

Camma's color also came and went now, and on her long eyelashes there glittered a tear. He saw that she was greatly moved, and hastened to follow up his advantage.

"What your own feelings for Millison have been I know not; I have no right to inquire. If I have made the journey from England with any hope now, it was based on my conviction of your influence over him. I feel sure of it. But for this unhappy declaration Aubrey would have had a rival here."

He was speaking the truth, that Camma knew right well, and she was beginning to understand what he had followed her to France to say. She was to be the mediator between the pair, to turn Millison back when he had already put his hand to the plough, to reconcile father and son for once and for all.

"Understand me aright," added the Dean. "No man living entertains a deeper respect for the sincere Catholic born and bred than myself. But have these reckless crusades that sow discord among parents and children, these ruthless onslaughts upon unfledged understandings, anything to do with true religious conviction? Never believe it; the truly devout keeps his faith and its consolations to himself, and possesses his soul in peace. And yet one word more. For argument's sake have it, then, that Millison will turn out a model priest: austereness itself, unremitting in the discharge of his duties, daily purging his soul by religious exercises. But what of the undutiful child, the recalcitrant citizen, the member of the human family who has flung all moral responsibilities to the winds in taking up such a career?"

Then ensued a pause. Camma felt that her answer was waited for, passionately as that of a mistress by her lover. She marked the Dean's trembling lips, deep flushes, and painfully restrained tears. She was moved with tenderest compassion for him, yet she sat with lips unsealed. This artless, unconfident, clinging maiden remained in the hitherto monitorial presence of her old friend implacable as a judge. Torn by cruelest conflict, desiring nothing so much as to offer comfort to the kind heart now bared before her, she also became tearful and agitated. In spite of her respect for the Dean, and her sense of intellectual inferiority, there was indignation mingled with apology in her reply. She felt that Millison was being unfairly judged. If, as she firmly believed, he was really conscious of a call to the priesthood, and saw, or believed that he saw, in it the best, perhaps the only spiritual life possible for himself, had she, had any human being, the right to deter him? And there was another reason why Camma should falter now. The palmary argument brought forward by the Dean as a ground for interference seemed to her to make such a step unjustifiable. She knew well enough that Millison loved her. He was about to give up his love for conscience' sake. It was to the transparent-minded, enthusiastic girl as if the voice of Heaven itself had spoken.

At last she could bear such tension no longer. She must justify her conduct, no matter at what cost to herself.

"Uncle Francis," she cried, and as she spoke the proud tears came, and the sweet girlish voice trembled, "it is as you say. Millison and I do care for each other more than for anything else in the world. Is not that the very reason why we should consent to be divided now? Would our love be worthy of the name if we let it come between us and our conviction?" She mastered herself by a great effort, and got out the rest of her meaning in language impossible to be misunderstood. "What we at least believe to be our duty. There is no other sacrifice I would not make for you. But when Millison says that the voice of conscience speaks, that he gives me up and devotes himself to the Church because he feels that he is right, I can not, I dare not, seek to turn him from his purpose."

The Dean leaned forward with a gesture of painful eagerness. Something he still wished to say that he felt might move her. Camma awaited the speech tremblingly, not in the least afraid of being prevailed upon after all to remonstrate with Millison, only conscious of more pain in store for herself and her kind friend by his persistence. His heart and her own must be wrung by another, and yet another, check. That was all.

The speech, however, did not come, and at last the Dean rose, evidently concluding that this interview had better end. Was it that he probed the depths of a girlish, high-souled affection? Was it rather that in Camma's self, the radiant vision of the white-robed girl, with her aureole of golden hair, clear eyes, brimful of trustingness and appeal, cheeks aglow with noble enthusiasm, he saw a suitable personification of that faith and love which have kept the world from torpor and despair until now?

CHAPTER VI.

TWO VIEWS OF THE SAME QUESTION.

Having left her, the Dean came back again.

"I know all," he said. "My poor misguided boy is here, and is ill. Well, I must leave him in God's hands and your own. I can do nothing."

Camma smiled through her tears, and held up her sweet face to her old friend's for a kiss.

"Nurse Brindle and I will stay here till Millison is quite well. He shall be thoroughly cared for, rest assured of that, Uncle Francis."

A thought was in the Dean's mind too terrible for utterance, yet the pale, shrinking Camma divined it as he now turned sadly, almost icily, away. To the agonized, much tried father's heart the prospect of his son's death could hardly be so calamitous as the future he had chosen for himself.

"Aubrey goes on to Switzerland for a holiday, but I return to England this very night," the Dean added. "However, we shall meet again at *table d'hôte*. Meantime get a little fresh air this sweet morning. Aubrey will escort you."

He went away, and poor Camma put on her hat, feeling little exhilarated by the sweetness of the morning. From the open window she caught glimpses of the smiling, sparkling promenade. The very air breathed of France.

High above house-tops and cathedral spire, mere mists of purple and gold in the glittering morn, stretched the vine-clad hills of Burgundy; yet Camma lingered in her chamber. Aubrey waited below, and Aubrey in his person represented the world she wanted to leave behind.

She descended at last, to find him busily writing in the salon. Only one or two English tourists, rigid as automatons over their newspapers, were there, and the pair in a far-off corner could talk undisturbed.

"I was writing a sermon," said the young man, looking up with a smile. "Sometimes what would appear disturbances, serve as an admirable fillip to rouse inspiration. When we have finished our stroll I should like to read it to you, if you will permit me."

"Certainly," poor Camma replied, feeling in no humor for sermons just then.

"I have taken as my text the following verses from the Book of Jude," continued the young man. "'Their mouth speaketh great swelling words, having men's persons in admiration because of advantage. These be they who separate themselves, sensual, having not the Spirit.' Now, could I have found throughout the whole Scriptures anything more appropriate to the French nation?"

"I don't think people ought to travel in France and then write sermons against the French," Camma said, with some temper. "We really know next to nothing about them."

The curate put away his manuscript very methodically, locked his writing-case, and took up hat and stick before replying.

"You are, happily, unversed in modern French literature, my dear Camma," he said. "But now, what direction shall we first take? Suppose we give our minds this morning to archæology?"

"As you please," Camma replied.

"Then we will follow a little plan I wrote out before beginning my sermon," answered Aubrey. "I always find it so much better to have a plan."

"But it seems to me that the things we most enjoy in life come without planning," said the girl. "For instance, this French journey, I should not delight in it half so much had I not set out acting on a sudden impulse."

"Let us follow impulse to-day, then," said Aubrey, growing affable. The more this wayward Camma provoked, even shocked him, the more irresistible she became in his eyes. He was recalled to a sense of his position, too, that of an impatient lover, anxiously awaiting the opportunity for a final, a desperate appeal.

"Well, whither does it lead you?"

They had now passed into the street; the city stretched before them; on one side rose a sombre old cathedral with a delicate spire, lightness itself wedded to colossal massiveness and solidity, beautiful emblem of the spirit of man, imprisoned yet ever soaring above the encumbering clay. On the other side, Camma's eyes, on the lookout for graciousness and joy just now, saw a terrace garden or pleasance, set out with trees and flowers, and having a fountain in the middle. "I should like to see the people enjoying themselves up there," she said.

"Ah! Enjoyment! That is a word the meaning of which one too sadly learns on French soil!" said the young man. "But we will go, by all means; I want to see if the *Eucalyptus globulus* grows out-of-doors in these latitudes."

A broad, handsome flight of steps led to the pretty little pleasure-ground standing at a considerable height above the pavement. The whole was as French as French could be, airy, jaunty, lightsome, with all due regard to neatness and elegance. It was perhaps this inimitable neatness and elegance, this finish of everything, that charmed Camma's eye.

"How clever French people are!" she said, as they sat down amid the oleanders and sparkling fountains. "We have such open spaces in every town at home, and nothing is ever done with them."

"If your enthusiasm receives no check, I foresee what will happen," Aubrey said, smiling, yet sarcastic. "You will marry a Frenchman."

"You seem to think that would be as bad as marrying a Lapp," Camma replied.

"There might be fewer objections on moral grounds to the Lapp," rejoined the young clergyman, with an expression of ill-disguised uneasiness. "But I shall be leaving to-morrow. Months may elapse ere we meet again. Let us talk of ourselves."

Could any topic be more vapid and uninteresting, thought poor Camma; more out of place also?

In Suffolk, within sight of Aubrey's church and school, perhaps it was natural for him to think of the future and make love; but here, under bright foreign skies and bewitchingly new scenes, how could she listen to him, much less enter into his feelings? She wanted to talk of a thousand other things, the dress and look of the people, the charming gayety and sprightliness of the scene, the luxuriance of the flowers. But the remorseless lover went on.

"I can not believe that you will ever seriously devote yourself to any calling, be it philanthropic or religious. Your temperament is naturally opposed to routine and restraint. Yet, seeing that you are comparatively alone in the world, and mistress of a fair fortune, none can blame you or be astonished at you for wishing to do something."

"That is just the point; I wish to do something," Camma broke in, heartily. So far she owned that Aubrey had exactly stated the case. She was not in the least fitted to be a Protestant deaconess. She had felt that conviction all along; but she must do something. She could

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1499.

not sit in a drawing-room all day long over crewel-work, as Ann Brindle put it.

"Your desire in itself is commendable; I have nothing but praise for it," added Aubrey; then he stopped short and looked at her curiously, much as if it were some phenomenon he had to study, some Sphinx he would fain unriddle, not a mere girl whose heart might be read as an open book. He gazed, and Camma neither blushed nor faltered under the scrutiny; she was ruffled, impatient, that was all.

"Is it possible, my dear Camma," he said at last, "that marriage would not satisfy your aspirations?"

"How can I tell?" was the unanswerable rejoinder, and it took even Aubrey aback. He quickly recovered himself, however, determined to contest his ground inch by inch.

"Faultlessness is not to be looked for in any condition human experience has as yet acquainted us with. Drawbacks there must be to the happiest lot. Yet, judged from an impartial standpoint, would not such a union as ours promise security and happiness? We having known each other from childhood. There would be no painful surprise in store for either of us."

"But surprises may be pleasant as well as painful," Camma replied, her sense of humor getting the better of her irritation. "It always seems to me that people who marry are like travellers setting out on a long journey. They should have something new to say."

Aubrey looked half inclined to resent this observation as frivolous, but on second thought he checked himself. He was bound to make excuses for Camma, under her altered circumstances. For the first time in her life she was in a foreign country, surrounded by new influences. What wonder that her mind, naturally quick to receive impressions, should incline to a sportive mood?

"Never fear that we should have nothing new to say; our lives would grow more interesting every year. Think of all the schemes in which I have embarked for the good of the parish. And I hope, under God's blessing, that my career is not destined to end there. I have ambitions, as you know, of no worldly kind; I would not choose to spend my best energies and best years in a country village."

"You speak of your schemes, your career, your ambitions," Camma said, her whole being rising in rebellion against the time-worn theory of a woman's subjection now put before her. "But I also am an entity, an individual; I would wish to have a life of my own."

"Can such an existence be called colorless or contemptible?" asked the young man, pained, even indignant. "Helpmeet of Christ's minister, chosen companion of a preacher of the Gospel, comforter of a hard-worked servant of the Church; surely a well-ordered feminine mind should find no emptiness or monotony here. Every day would have its apportioned duty and, doubt not, its reward."

"You do not understand me," Camma said, feeling bound to justify her motives, even at the expense of maidenly reserve. "Yet I am sure many girls must have felt as I do. I know that your life is exemplary, and devoted to good works; I envy your powers of endurance and self-denial. But in marrying you I should lose what little individuality I possess—the little all that makes me what I am—makes me worth anything. I should be your wife—nothing more. I am very sorry; I wish I could feel differently for your sake."

"And I wish you could feel differently—a little for your own," he replied, in a tone of pointed reproach. "You are a clergyman's daughter, yet you shrink from becoming a clergyman's wife. I begin to perceive that it is as much my calling as myself you find antagonistic, or at least unsympathetic."

She was silent. Had she not already answered him? Unless he accepted such an answer, it seemed to her that they might go on with this empty discussion for hours. Aubrey, however, had too much self-esteem to render himself disagreeable to a woman.

He accepted his dismissal, if not gracefully, at least as became a courteous gentleman. "We will write to each other all the same," he said, trying to appear cheerful. "In time you may think differently. But I must not spoil your holiday thus. Would you like to pursue our walk and investigations?"

She sprang from her seat, accepting the proposal with alacrity, and the pair passed out of the sun-lit garden into the boulevard.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RACES FOR THE CUP.

AFTER four failures a successful race was sailed September 14 between the British cutter *Genesta* and the American sloop *Puritan*, champion of the New York Yacht Club, for the possession of the *America's* cup. The sloop won the race, with over sixteen minutes to spare, but, curiously enough, her success, instead of making her backers more confident, caused them to be more doubtful than before as to the ultimate success of the American boat. In the course of this race the two yachts were for the first time tried in a breeze, and the unexpected speed shown by the British cutter was well calculated to make the sloop men dubious. The course was the regular one of the New York Yacht Club, starting from off Bay Ridge, Long Island, going down through the Narrows, across the Lower Bay, around the Southwest Spit buoys, out by Sandy Hook, to and around the Sandy Hook Light-ship, and return over the same course to a finish off Buoy No. 15, just below Staten Island, a distance of thirty-eight miles. The start, for a wonder, was made exactly on time, the starting whistle being blown at 10.30, and the yachts had then two minutes to get across the line. Both failed of doing this, the American yacht being handicapped two and the British boat six seconds. The wind was south-west by west, and the tide three-quarters flood. The American sloop had the better position at the start, going over the line with the cutter a length on her lee quarter, and this advantage she preserved and increased to the Narrows, passing the forts five minutes ahead. From here to Buoy No. 10, the first turning mark, the wind was paltry and baffling, sometimes favoring one yacht and sometimes the other, the American sloop, however, preserving her lead, and going around this mark three minutes and three seconds ahead—an advantage which she increased to the Hook Buoy No. 5, passing that four minutes thirty-five seconds in advance; and here the race may really be said to have begun.

Outside of the Hook was a fine whole-sail breeze from south, giving the yachts a course to the light-ship one point free, and away they went, heeling till their plank sheers were awash, and going at the rate of ten miles an hour. Previous to this it had been believed by the partisans of the sloop that in such a breeze, with smooth water, the *Puritan* would outsail the cutter, and the cutter advocates had not disputed this at all, but had claimed for their favorite that in a stormy breeze and a seaway she could leave the sloop behind. To the surprise of both, and to the delight of the cutter men, the *Genesta* held her own mile after mile, never dropping an inch behind, and at the light-ship the figures showed that she had gained thirteen seconds in this reach of seven miles.

The turn of the cutter at the mark was one of the closest and prettiest ever seen, and in the double-page picture the artists have happily caught the cutter throwing a fountain of spray from both bows as she is tacking around the ship, the sloop having already rounded it, and squared away for home with a beam wind.

The accompanying steamers and yachts were more numerous than were ever before seen at a turning mark, and in the run in they were put to their mettle to keep pace with the fast-flying yachts, either of which, it may be said, is faster than anything under canvas ever known in this country. To the Hook buoy the *Puritan* gained eighteen seconds, so that the net result of the fourteen-mile sail is a gain of five seconds for the *Puritan*, and it is this close sailing that inspired the doubt in the minds of her friends. Inside the Hook, under the skillful piloting of Captain ELLSWORTH, the *Puritan*, by taking up a portion of her centre-board, was able to go where the deep-keel boat could not follow, and at Buoy No. 10 she was eight minutes in advance, and a sure winner. The wind dropped to nearly nothing, and after the *Puritan* had finished, the cutter was nearly seventeen minutes in reaching the line. Her distance behind the sloop, however, was not over a mile. She was taken in tow after the finish, and passing her victorious opponent off Stapleton, she saluted her with three hearty British cheers. The second race was to have been sailed on the following day, but the cap at the mast-head of the *Genesta* was discovered to have been sprung, and at the request of Sir RICHARD SUTTON the next race was postponed until September 16.

The final race for the *America's* cup was sailed September 16, and was one of the grandest in the history of the New York Yacht Club. The course was twenty miles to leeward and return, from the *Scotland* light-ship. There was a fine sailing breeze for the run-off, the yachts having made a most beautiful start, the cutter *Genesta* leading by some forty-five seconds. Both carried spinnakers to starboard and had club topsails aloft, as Mr. DAVIDSON's picture shows, and as they went flying off from the line they resembled two huge birds upon the wing. The *Genesta* reached the outer mark first by over a couple of minutes, but in the beat home the *Puritan* was able to come up with and pass her, and finally to go over the line a winner, but by the small margin of one minute thirty-eight seconds.

The cup therefore remains in the custody of the New York Yacht Club until some other plucky Briton shall once more come for it, and there is much in the experience of the *Genesta* to encourage such. It was said during one of the races by a discouraged cutter man that the *Puritan* was "chock-full of luck," and it is quite certain that she had her share of good fortune in each of these races, and particularly in the last one. In the first place, the weather work was not a beat directly to windward. Had it been, and with a breeze as fresh as that which prevailed, the splendid reaching of the *Genesta* on this day, she footing equally with the *Puritan*—the latter being able to start sheet a trifle—warrants the opinion that she would, with the lead she had at the turning mark, have won the race.

It was not a beat to windward, owing to a shift in the direction of the wind on the return. At the start the wind was west-northwest true. During the run to the outer mark it hauled to north-west by west, and when the two yachts hauled up around the turning buoy and reached in on the starboard tack they headed west by south. The *Puritan* was two cable-lengths astern of the *Genesta*, and was the first to tack, the British cutter going around thirty seconds later, and this of course placed the sloop a point forward of the cutter's lee beam. Soon after they were hit by a hard squall from north-northwest, and were broken off to north by east, and this of course put the *Puritan* away on the cutter's lee bow, and in a position where she could have tacked and weathered the cutter. Had she done this, she would have beaten her at least double the time that she did finally, for on the starboard tack she could have headed west by north, which would have fetched the light-ship.

Instead of this, she stood on for full ten minutes after the wind shifted, each mile that she sailed being a mile that she had afterward to retrace, and then only tacked because the *Genesta* did. Once around, the *Puritan* was the whole of her distance from the cutter to windward of her, but she had led the cutter where the latter could lay her course for the mark, and her position was nearly as good as that of the sloop; and although the sloop eased her sheets and went a point free, she had all that she could do to range ahead from the cutter's weather quarter to her weather bow, and finally, when within three miles of the finish line, to crowd down on top of and blanket her, forcing her to luff sharp up in the sloop-yacht's wake in order to get over the line less than two minutes ahead of her.

The Boston boat's "luck" carried her through in spite of bad handling and bad management. On the run down she outsailed the cutter and went by her, but when the wind hauled a point on the port quarter, the *Genesta's* sails were trimmed to the wind, and the *Puritan's* were not. The British boat, knowing she had to jibe around the mark, took in club topsail and spinnaker quite a distance from it; the *Puritan* followed suit at once, although she, having boom on port side, could have carried club topsail and spinnaker clear up to the mark. She was beaten to the turning buoy down the wind over two minutes. It is safe to say that with proper handling she would have beaten the other boat two minutes; and her long reach to the east of north when her finish line was nearly west, and her neglecting to tack when she could either have crossed the *Genesta's* bow, or forced her to tack in a place where she could not have fetched the mark, cost the *Puritan* at least five minutes more. The only mistake the Englishman made was in hanging on to his topsail long after it did a particle of good, and when it was rather retarding his progress. The best opinion that could be obtained after the race was that had the sloop been well handled, she would have led the cutter two minutes at the turning buoy; and had it been a square beat home, the cutter would have had the best of it for rather more than that, and would have won by a very small margin; but beyond any doubt, had the shift of wind been to west, or three points opposite to the direction in which it did shift, the cutter would have won; and by so slight a chance as this the New York Yacht Club still holds the *America's* cup. In all this there is ample encouragement for Lieutenant HENN, of the *Galatea*, next summer.

THE VISITING CRICKETERS.

THE wonderful success of the team of English cricketers since they landed in this country causes our local exponents of the game to inquire among themselves why they should not play as good a game. The reason is plain to many old cricketers. The team, as a whole, play the game well in every branch, hardly a man being unable to fill any position in the field. From the Rev. R. T. THORNTON, the captain, to E. J. SAUNDERS, the twelfth man, they are *cricketers*. The wicket-keeping of A. E. NEWTON, the Oxford University wicket-keeper for the last two years, was quite a revelation to our stumpers. On his first appearance at Staten Island he disposed of six of the island team behind the wicket. He has also showed good form with the bat, making an average of 33 in six innings. His highest score was against Staten Island, 30 not out and 50. Although W. E. ROLLER, of Surrey County fame, has not performed as well as was expected, yet his average of 23¼ for four completed innings is not bad. He is the *beau ideal* of a batsman. Standing over six feet high, he uses all his length in playing forward. He strained the tendons of his arm while bowling at Toronto, and may not play again this season. His eleven were deprived of his valuable aid during the Philadelphia match. A. R. COBB, of Oxford University, has played the most consistent cricket of any man on the team. Commencing with 17 and 48 at Staten Island, he got 47 at Detroit, 52 and 40 at Toronto, and supplemented these scores with two excellent not out innings of 41 and 47 at Montreal, making an average of nearly 52 per innings. J. A. TURNER, of Cambridge University and Leicestershire, is another fine bat. His excellent batting average in England, somewhere among the fifties, has not quite been kept up here; still 30 for six completed innings is not bad on strange wickets. His 52 against the Staten Island team was a remarkable display of fine free cricket. W. E. BOLITHO, of the Oxford University eleven, has only made two double-figure scores, 43 and 41, so far, but so fine a bat must come off before long. A. J. THORNTON, of Kent, has done well; but his brother, the parson, has been singularly unfortunate, 42 against Toronto being his best score. The bowling of H. BRUEN—peculiar round-arm slow-twisters—has caused the downfall of many good wickets, with the aid of NEWTON. C. E. HORNER, of Surrey, is noted for his bowling and his uniform good temper. He and the clergyman are the jokers of the party. HORNER's not out 16 score against Toronto has somewhat increased his desire to be thought a good bat. The eleven has acquitted itself very well so far, having won all its matches easily, with the exception of the drawn Staten Island match, which was virtually a win.

The Philadelphia eleven has the three noted NEWHALL Brothers, D. S. NEWHALL being the captain, J. A. SCOTT, the highest scorer in the English tour, W. C. MORGAN, the wicket-keeper, and W. C. LOWRY, the champion bowler player. They feel the loss of JOHN B. THAYER, the best all-round cricketer in Philadelphia. The only players that did not go to England are, D. S. NEWHALL, G. S. PATTERSON, and W. W. NOBLE, all first-class handlers of the willow. The batting force of the eleven was demonstrated in the first inning on Thursday last, in which Philadelphia, going first to the bat, made an innings of 200, divided very evenly. SCOTT failed to score, and R. S. NEWHALL made but 7. Every other man, with the exception of Messrs. PATTERSON and LOWRY, got double figures. Of these E. W. CLARKE's 42, D. S. NEWHALL's 43 not out, and H. MACNUTT's 26 were the best scores. The visitors made on the first day 52 for one wicket, this being the Rev. Mr. THORNTON's for 0, while Mr. HINE-HAYCOCK had made 33 not out. The promise of this beginning was not maintained, for on Friday the batsmen were disposed of without much difficulty, and the innings closed for a total of 147.

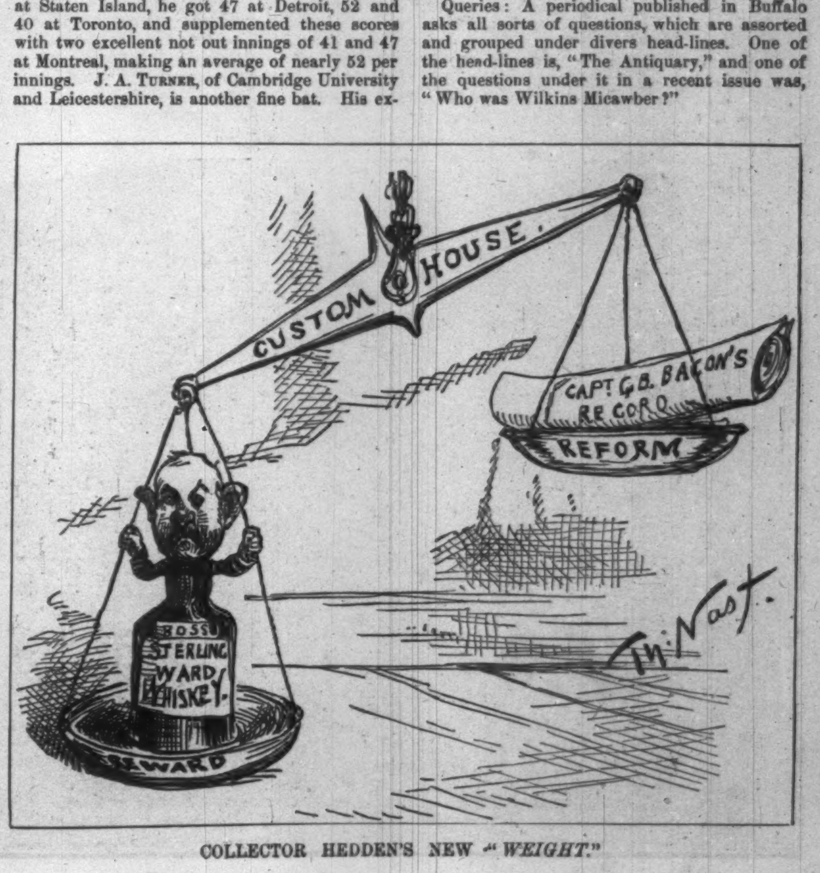
WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A PHILADELPHIA newspaper tells the story of a child whose life was saved by the rare intelligence of a dog, and adds that the overjoyed father of the child said of the dog after the act: "His value has appreciated in my eyes about one hundred per cent." It is elsewhere stated that the dog was a bull-pup, so that it is fair to infer, making a liberal estimate from the average of values, that the dog was worth about twenty-five dollars in the eyes of the father before he saved the child, and in the neighborhood of fifty dollars afterward.

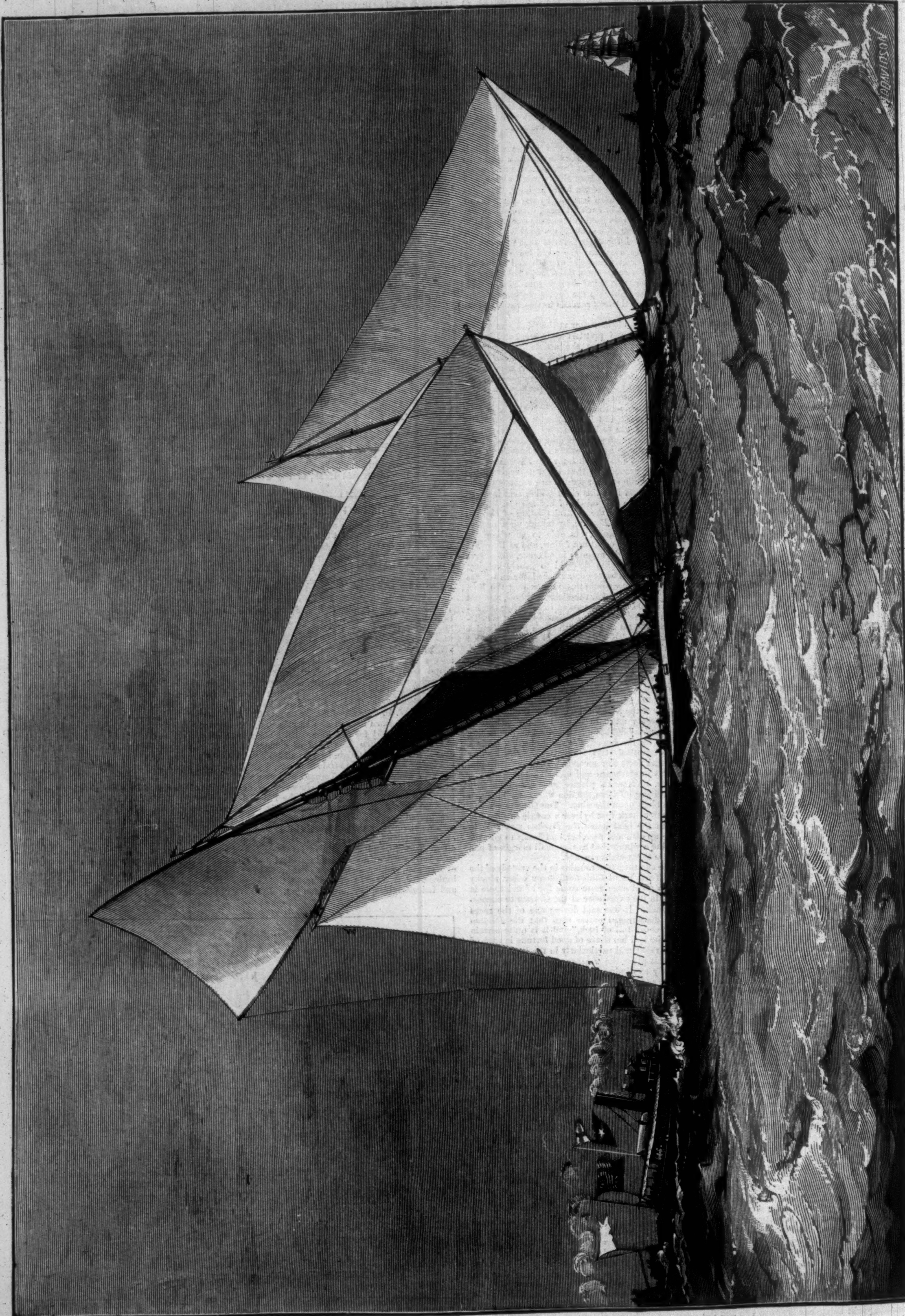
Another story of a dog is told by the *St. James's Gazette* of London, which has shown a great interest of late in stories of this nature. This story says that a dog which had been in the habit of going daily for years to a baker's with a penny in his mouth, in exchange for which he got a penny roll, came one day with the penny as usual, when the baker, for sport, wrapped up a half-penny roll, and handing it to the dog, waited to see what would happen. The dog laid the roll upon the counter, went out, and returned presently with a policeman.

Two Bavarian dukes are practicing medicine in Munich. No reason is given, but it occasionally happens that the practice of medicine is more remunerative than the practice of being a duke.

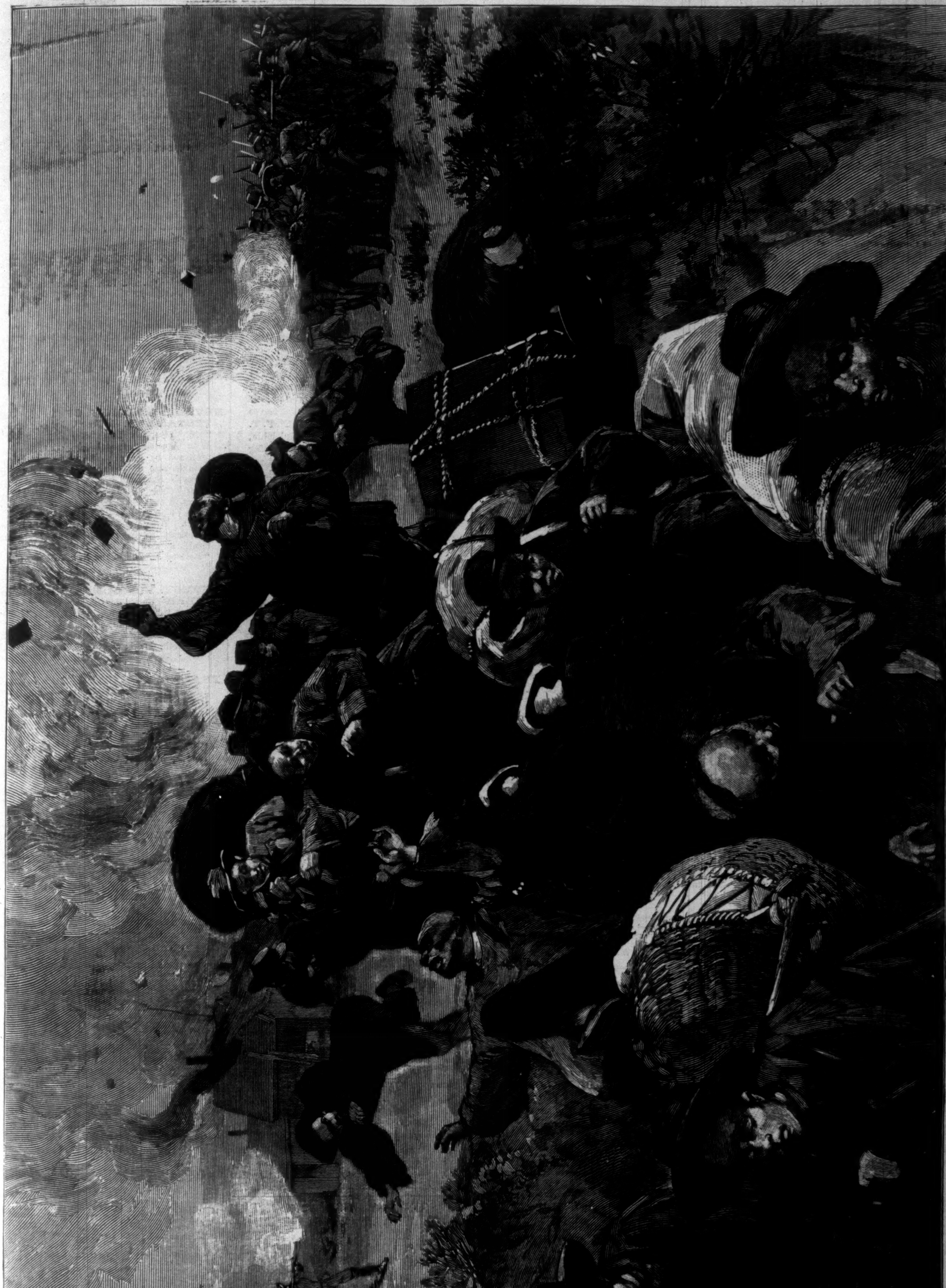
Queries: A periodical published in Buffalo asks all sorts of questions, which are assorted and grouped under divers head-lines. One of the head-lines is, "The Antiquary," and one of the questions under it in a recent issue was, "Who was Wilkins Micawber?"



COLLECTOR HEDDEN'S NEW "*WEIGHT*."



THE SECOND DAY'S RACE FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP—THE RUN DOWN THE WIND.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 635.]



THE MASSACRE OF THE CHINESE AT ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from Photographs by Lieutenant C. A. Booth, Seventh United States Infantry.—[See Page 638.]

THE OHIO CYCLONE.

There was no incident in the progress of the destructive cyclone which devastated the town of Washington Court House in Ohio, on the evening of September 8, that better illustrated the awful force and fury of the wind than the wrecking of Stetson's store and the Odd-Fellows' Hall, as pictured in this number.

Odd-Fellows' Hall occupied nearly the entire second floor of a two-story brick building. It was one of the newest and most substantial business structures in the town. In the rear of the hall was a little anteroom about eight by ten feet in dimensions. When the storm came sweeping down upon the village, thirty Odd-Fellows were assembled in their lodge, over Stetson's store. They knew that it was a stormy night out-of-doors, for they had brought dripping umbrellas with them into the hall. It is quite safe, however, to say that none of them, having reached the warm and comfortable lodge-room, gave a moment's uneasy thought to the inclement weather that was prevailing outside. The building faced the direction of the advancing whirlwind, and the big raindrops beat mercilessly upon the front windows. Suddenly there was a mightier gust than any that had preceded it, and the window-panes and sashes fell inward with an ominous crash. The now thoroughly alarmed members of the lodge rushed from the main hall and took refuge in the little chamber at the rear. They had barely reached this apartment, and were huddled together like so many frightened sheep, when with a terrific din three-fourths of the brick front of the house fell outward into the street. All lights had, of course, been extinguished, and the little group of Odd-Fellows clung to one another in terror and despair. Suddenly the frame roof was lifted from its remaining supports and swept away bodily by the storm. It seemed now as if everything must go from under them. They could hear the noise of the joists and plaster falling down into the store-room below, and they were in momentary danger of being dropped into the general wreck. A moment later the rear wall tottered, and then fell outward with a mighty crash. One of their number, who was standing with his back to the wall, was carried down in the ruins, and received injuries from which it is not likely that he will recover.

By this time the hall that the Odd-Fellows had deserted had become completely wrecked, its floor falling heavily down into the store-room below. Had they not retreated to this little anteroom, they must all inevitably have perished. As it was, their escape is regarded as altogether miraculous. They remained huddled together in the little chamber, the floor of which fortunately remained intact until the fury of the storm had in a measure subsided, when they were at last rescued by their fellow-townsmen.

THE CHASE OF THE CHINESE.

At Rock Springs, Wyoming Territory, the Union Pacific Railroad Company has coal mines from which is taken the fuel for the general use of the road. The coal is mined more easily than that in the East, lies nearer the surface, and is not so dangerous in working, so that Chinese labor is more available even than in the metal mines. Up to ten years since the company worked its own mines with white labor only, paying from eight dollars to ten dollars per day. The workmen struck for higher wages, and the company changed its policy, and let the mines to contractors. These contractors have for some time been bringing in Chinamen to work the mines, and the number has increased, until at the beginning of September it had reached six hundred or more at Rock Springs, with more at the neighboring mines. The Chinamen were paid the same wages as the whites, and all were paid by the piece, but the Chinamen were not able to do as much in the same time as the whites.

On the 3d of September there was a quarrel in one of the "rooms" in the mine between some whites and some Chinamen as to who had the right to work there. Four Chinamen were wounded, one fatally. After the quarrel all the miners "came out," and work was abandoned. The Chinamen went to their quarter, known as "Chinatown." The whites armed themselves with rifles, shot-guns, and revolvers, "to protect themselves from the Chinese," they said. After dinner that day the saloons were all closed, and the white miners held a meeting in the streets, at which it was decided that "John must go, then and there." The way in which John was made to go is described by the Rock Springs *Independent*, a paper that fully sustains the resolution of the miners, and throws the responsibility for their action upon the railroad company, which brought the Chinese to the Springs.

The substance of the *Independent's* story is as follows: The miners, sixty or seventy armed and the rest stragglers, advanced on Chinatown, driving in the Chinese section men as they went. When near the "town," warning was sent to the Chinese to "leave in an hour," which the latter prepared busily to do. "But the men grew impatient. They thought John was too slow in getting out, and might be preparing to defend his position. In about half an hour an advance was made on the enemy's works, with much shooting and shouting. The hint was sufficient. Without offering any resistance, the Chinamen snatched up whatever they could lay their hands on and started east on a run. Some were bareheaded and barefooted, others carried a small bundle in a handkerchief, while a number had rolls of bedding. They fled like a flock of sheep, scrambling and tumbling down the steep banks of Bitter Creek, then through the sage-brush and over the railroad, and up into the hills east of Burning Mountain. Some of the men were engaged in searching the houses and driving out the stray Chinamen who were in hiding, while others followed up the retreating Chinamen, encouraging their flight with showers of bullets fired over their heads."

This is the miners' organ's account of the work. It shows that the Chinese offered absolutely no resistance, and that the whites were not drunk. When the Chinese quarter was apparently empty, the miners set fire to it. "Half choked with fire and smoke, numbers of Chinamen came rushing from the burning buildings, and with blankets and bed-quilts over their heads to protect them from stray rifle-shots, they followed their retreating brothers into the hills at the top of their speed." "All the night long the sound of rifle and revolver was heard, and the surrounding hills were lit by the glare of the burning houses." The net result of the "stray rifle-shots" and "showers of balls fired over the heads" of the fugitives will never be exactly known. A coroner's jury sat on fifteen dead bodies, and returned a verdict that "eleven had been burned to death and four shot by parties unknown to the jury." The utter fiendishness of the mob was almost inconceivable. The miners' newspaper says of the men who perished in the flames: "From the position of some of the bodies it would seem as if they had begun to dig a hole in the cellar to hide themselves. But the fire overtook them when about half-way in the hole, burning their lower extremities to a crisp, and leaving the upper portion of their bodies untouched. At the east end of Chinatown a body was found charred by the flames and mutilated by hogs. The smell that arose from the smoking ruins was horribly suggestive of burning flesh." Nothing could add to the severity of the condemnation which these brutally frank admissions suggest.

Governor Warren, of Wyoming Territory, has shown no sympathy with the rioters. He has done all he could to bring them to justice, and twenty of their leaders have been arrested. The Governor repaired instantly to the town, telegraphed to Washington for Federal troops, and, until they arrived, used his influence at no small personal risk to protect the Chinamen from further persecution. Just a week almost to an hour after the assault on Chinatown had been made, there were 650 Chinese, including many of the fugitives, brought back under guard of 200 United States soldiers, and set to work. Some of them began to dig in the ruins of their houses, and it is said that as much as $12,000 was unearthed, which the "hated Chinese" had managed to save on the same wages as were received by the "superior" race, though on smaller daily earnings. The miners who "came out" from work on the morning of the 3d of September, and spent the day and night in the pleasures of the chase, will not go back.

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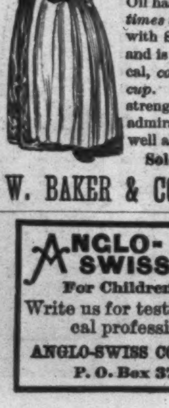

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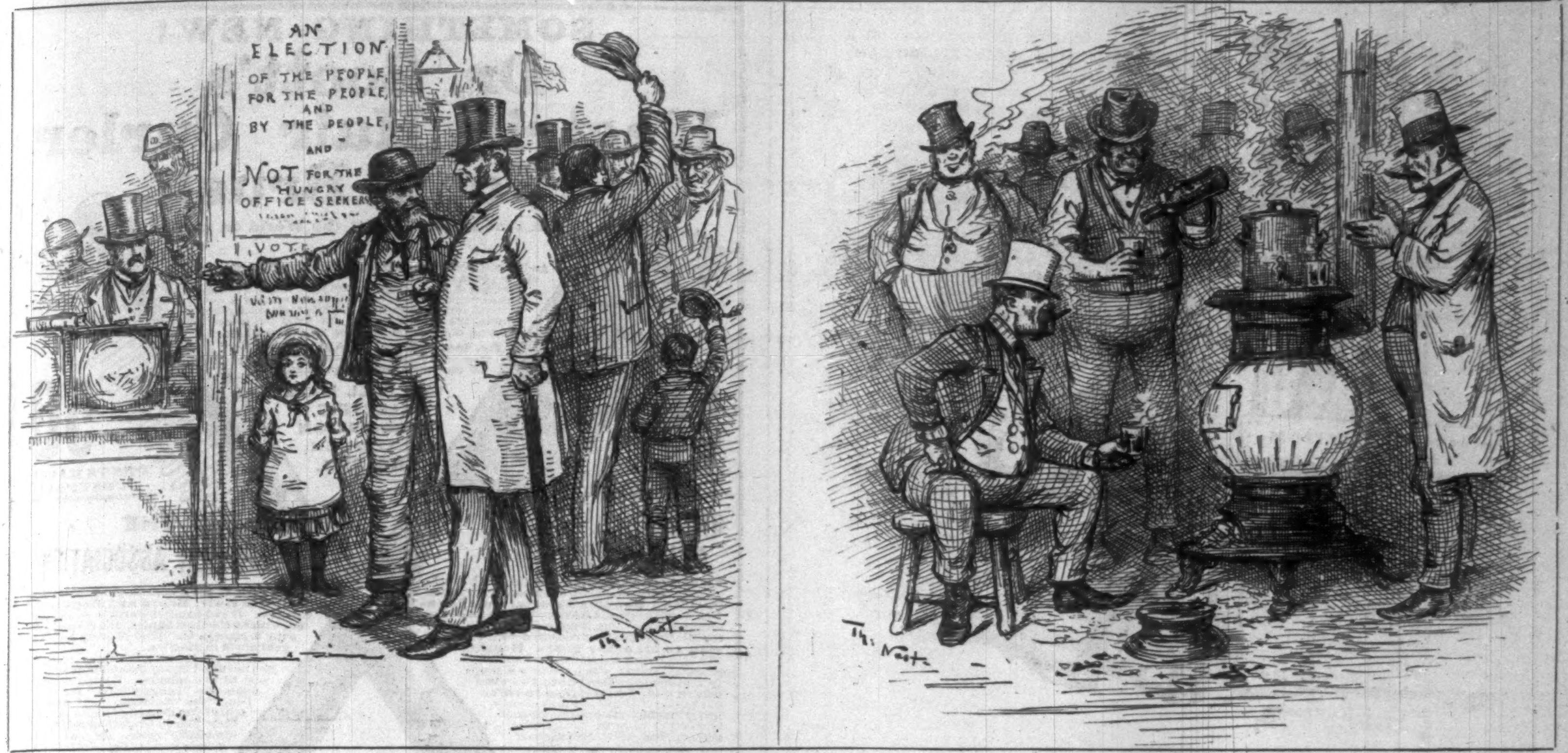

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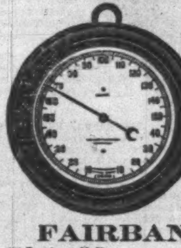

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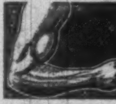

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